"The Night Of The Hunter"

Based on a Novel by

DAVIS GRUBB

Screenplay

by

JAMES AGEE

"THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER"

1 FULL SHOT - THE STARLIT SKY

VOICE
And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying....

FADE sky to day.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

2 LONG SHOT - HELICOPTER - OHIO RIVER COUNTRY

High over the country, CENTERING the winding river.

VOICE
Beware of false prophets....

3 LOWER LONG SHOT - HELICOPTER - RIVER COUNTRY

We approach a riverside village.

VOICE
...which come to you in sheep's clothing...

4 A CLOSER, LOWER HELICOPTER SHOT

We descend low over a deserted house; CHILDREN in yard run and hide; we hear "IT" counting "five, ten, fifteen, twenty....."

VOICE
...but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

FADE OUT TITLE

5 MED. SHOT - "IT"

He finishes his count with a loud "Hundred" and turns, then:

"IT"
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

5 (CONTINUED)

We PAN as he comes towards a little boy, beside an open cellar door, who gestures towards the open door. "IT" looks down.

"IT"
(a low gasp)
Heyy!
(then he shouts to all and to us)
Heyy!

We DOLLY IN fast to, and TILT DOWN into open cellar, into:

6 CLOSE SHOT - A LEG

A skeletal leg in a rotted fume of stocking and a high-heeled shoe. We HOLD a moment, then PULL UP and AWAY over the converging heads of several CHILDREN. A CHILD whimpers softly.

7 HELICOPTER SHOT

The yard and the CHILDREN, same angle and height as the last descending helicopter shot. We PULL BACK and AWAY.

VOICE
Ye shall know them by their fruits.

DISSOLVE TO:

8 HIGH LONG SHOT - HELICOPTER

CENTERING the river.

VOICE
A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit....

9 LOWER LONG SHOT (HELICOPTER)

CENTERING on open touring car, as it drives along a river road.

VOICE
Neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

(CONTINUED)

9 (CONTINUED)

We STOOP LOW towards the car.

VOICE
Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

FADE TITLE

CUT TO:

10 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

He is the driver of the car. Pleasant river landscapes (PROCESS) flow behind him. He is dressed in dark clothes, a paper collar, a string tie. As he drives he talks to himself.

PREACHER
What's it to be, Lord, another widow? Has it been six? Twelve? ...I disremember.

He nods, smiles, and touches his hat. We see a farm couple in a poor wagon.

PREACHER
You say the word, and I'm on my way.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

11 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER DRIVING

He brakes his car in a small riverside town; then proceeds.

PREACHER
You always send me money to go forth and preach your Word. A widow with a little wad of bills hidden awayin the sugar-bowl.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

12 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER DRIVING

He shifts into second gear, climbing a steep little hill.

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
I am tired. Sometimes I wonder if you really understand.
(pause)
Not that you mind the killin's...

The stones of a country graveyard gleam in the last daylight.

PREACHER
Yore Book is full of killin's.

He starts fast and noisily down a steep hill.

PREACHER
But there are things you do hate, Lord: perfume-smellin' things -- lacy things -- things with curly hair --

CUT TO:

13 INT. A BURLESQUE HOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - A DANCER

She is hard at work, to music O.S.

14 FULL SHOT - AUDIENCE - CENTERING ON PREACHER, IN AISLE SEAT

Among the members of the sad burlesque audience, he is in strong contrast: a sour and aggressive expression. Music O.S. We MOVE IN fast to a HEAD CLOSE-UP.

15 MED. CLOSE SHOT - THE DANCER

16 INSERT - PREACHER'S LEFT HAND

Labeled H-A-T-E in tattoo across four knuckles, it grips and flexes.

17 INSERT - HIS RIGHT HAND

Before we see the lettering he slides it into his pocket.

18 EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

His head slants; a cold smile; one eyelid flutters.

19 INSERT - RIGHT HAND AND POCKET

We hear the snapping open of a switch-blade knife and the point of the knife cuts through his clothes.

20 LESS EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

He seems to "listen" for something.

PREACHER
No, there are too many of them; you can't kill a world.

A hand descends firmly onto his shoulder. He glances up behind him as we -

TILT TO:

21 CLOSE SHOT - A STATE TROOPER

He bends down and speaks quietly next PREACHER'S ear.

TROOPER
You driving an Essex tourin'-car with a Moundsville license?

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. COURTROOM - CLOSE THREE-SHOT - JUDGE AND CLERK, OVER PREACHER

JUDGE
Harry Powell, for the theft of that touring car you will spend thirty days in the Moundsville Penitentiary.

PREACHER
(correcting Clerk)
Preacher Harry Powell.

JUDGE
A car thief! Picked up where you were! A Man of God?
(to Clerk)
Harry Powell.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

23 FULL SHOT - MOUNDSVILLE PENITENTIARY - DAY (HELICOPTER)

A grim stone turretted facade; an American flag idles at top center.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

24 CLOSE DOWNWARD TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL HARPER

They sit in the grass, a sentimental picture. JOHN is nine; PEARL is five. They are working together on PEARL's doll; PEARL is dressing her, while JOHN gets on a difficult shoe.

PEARL
Stand still, Miss Jenny!

JOHN
(across her)
There! What's so hard about that!

He proudly exhibits the shod foot.

They hear the sound of an auto engine O.S. They look O.S. and get up, PEARL dangling the doll.

25 LONG SHOT - OVER THE CHILDREN - BEN HARPER'S FORD

A Model-T Ford approaches at maximal speed on uneven dirt road.

PEARL
(to John, happily)
Daddy!

The car careens towards us; then swings into the side-yard as we PAN, and stops.

They run towards their father fast; then JOHN looks puzzled and they stop short.

BEN HARPER half-falls out of the far door, his shoulder blood-stained, his eyes wild. A hefty, simple man of thirty. He looks at them, dazed, across the car.

26 MED. SHOT - BEN HARPER

BEN
Where's your Mom?

JOHN
Out shopping -- you're bleeding, Dad -

BEN
Listen to me John.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED)

On this he comes around clear of the car with a revolver in one hand and a bloody roll of banknotes in the other.

27 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He screams. BEN slaps him with the back of the money hand, leaving blood on JOHN'S cheek.

28 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - JOHN, BEN, PEARL

PEARL, and the house, are in BACKGROUND. PEARL just clutches her doll. During BEN'S next lines, JOHN touches his cheek and looks at the blood on his fingers and at the bloody money -- of which we FLASH-CUT an INSERT.

BEN
(rushing)
Listen! This money here! We got to hide it before they get me! There's close to ten thousand dollars.
(his eyes dart wildly)
Under a rock in the smokehouse? Ah no. Under the bricks in the grape arbor? No, they'd dig for it.

29 CLOSE SHOT - BEN

BEN
(sudden triumph)
Why <u>sure</u>! <u>That's</u> the place!

He moves forward and OUT and in his place we see two police cars, small in distance, coming fast. We hear sirens.

30 INT. FRONT POLICE CAR - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

...and OVER two STATE TROOPERS. They move at high speed, with sirens. BEN and his CHILDREN, tiny in the distance, dilate.

TROOPER
(driving)
That's him.

(CONTINUED)

30 (CONTINUED)

2ND TROOPER
(over his shoulder, as if to us)
He prob'ly still has that gun.

31 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - BEN AND CHILDREN

....police cars approaching in BACKGROUND. PEARL hugs her doll. JOHN is dazed. BEN stands, pistol in hand.

BEN
Here they come.

JOHN
Dad, you're bleeding...

He grabs JOHN's shoulder and stoops as we TIGHTEN IN.

BEN
Listen to me son. You got to swear. Swear means promise. First swear you'll take care of little Pearl. Guard her with your life, boy. Then swear you won't never tell where that money's hid. Not even your Mom.

JOHN
Yes, Dad.

BEN
You understand?

JOHN
Not even her?

In b.g. the TROOPERS get out of their cars and fan out cautiously to surround BEN: guns in hand.

BEN
You got common sense. She ain't. When you grow up that money'll be yours. Now swear. "I will guard Pearl with my life..."

JOHN
(fumbling)
I will guard Pearl with my life...

(CONTINUED)

31 (CONTINUED)

BEN
....."and I won't never tell about the money."

JOHN
And I won't never tell about the money.

PEARL
You, Pearl. You swear too.

32 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL

PEARL
(giggling)
Who's them Blue Men yonder?

33 HEAD CLOSEUP - JOHN

JOHN
(under breath)
Blue men.

34 GROUP SHOT - TROOPERS IN BACKGROUND

A TROOPER
Ben Harper!

BEN
I'm goin' now children. Goodbye.

BEN backs away from his CHILDREN, raising his hands, gun in one hand. We PULL BACK a little, enlarging the GROUP SHOT and the role of the TROOPERS in it.

TROOPER
Drop that gun, Harper. We don't want them kids hurt.

TWO TROOPERS approach BEN from behind.

BEN
Just mind what you swore, son. Mind, boy!

35 GROUP SHOT - JOHN

He runs forward and clasps his stomach, with his mouth open.

36 MED. SHOT - BEN AND TROOPERS - JOHN'S VIEWPOINT

One TROOPER smacks the back of BEN's head with a pistol barrel.

37 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN
(shouting; a sickly smile)
Don't!

38 MED. SHOT - BEN AND TROOPERS - AS BEFORE

Another TROOPER, with a pistol barrel, knocks the pistol from BEN's lifted hand.

39 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN
(shouting)
Don't!

40 BEN

sinks to his knees as both men, and two others from the front, close in on him.

41 HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN

JOHN
Dad!

He takes in the GROUP with his mouth open.

O.S. we hear the slamming of car doors, and cars starting away.

42 FULL SHOT - JOHN'S VIEWPOINT - THE CARS

They drive away fast in road dust.

43 THREE-SHOT - THE CHILDREN AND WILLA HARPER

Carrying a shopping bag, their mother, WILLA, runs up from BACKGROUND between the CHILDREN, looking always to cars o.s.

44 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA

She has a rich body.

45 RESUME THREE-SHOT

PEARL comes to her and she picks up PEARL and the doll; JOHN, laden with his oath, walks quickly into the house. WILLA does a bewildered take, then looks again towards the cars o.s.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. COURTROOM - CLOSE THREE-SHOT - JUDGE AND CLERK, OVER BEN

JUDGE
Ben Harper, it is the sentence of this Court that for the murder of Ed Smiley and Corey South, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

47 FULL SHOT - THE MOUNDSVILLE PENITENTIARY

Same view as before; but now it is night.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

48 INT. BEN'S CELL - NIGHT - CLOSE DOWN-SHOT - BEN

He lies on his back, chuckling and murmuring indistinctly in his sleep.

BEN
I got you all buffaloed! You ain't never gonna git it outen me; not none o' you!

(CONTINUED)

48 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
(very low)
Where, Ben? Where? Where?

BEN
(distinctly)
And a little child shall lead them.

49 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - NEW ANGLE - BEN, THEN PREACHER

BEN lies in profile. From the bunk above, the face of PREACHER stretches down into the SHOT, upside down, snake-like.

PREACHER
(softly)
Come on, boy: tell me.

BEN wakes, sees PREACHER, and hits him so hard in the face that he falls from bunk to floor. PREACHER collects himself into a squat, nursing his face. BEN sits up in bed.

PREACHER
(with wholesome dignity)
Ben, I'm a Man of God.

BEN
Tryin' to make me talk about it in my sleep!

PREACHER
No, Ben.

BEN
What'd I say?
(he grabs Preacher's throat and shakes him:)
What? What? What? What?

PREACHER
(choking)
You was quotin' Scripture. You said -- you said, "And a little child shall lead them."

BEN
Hm!

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED)

He lies back, amused. PREACHER sits on the bedside; manner of a parson visiting the sick.

PREACHER
(gravely)
You killed two men, Ben Harper.

BEN
That's right, Preacher. I robbed that bank because I got tired of seein' children roamin' the woodlands without food, children roamin' the highways in this year of Depression; children sleepin' in old abandoned car bodies on junk-heaps; and I promised myself I'd never see the day when my youngins'd want.

PREACHER
With that ten thousand dollars I could build a Tabernacle that'd make the Wheeling Island Tabernacle look like a chicken-house!

BEN
Would you have free candy for the kids, Preacher?

He picks up and wads a sock.

PREACHER
Think of it, Ben! With that cursed, bloodied gold!

BEN
How come you got that stick-knife hid in your bed-blankets, Preacher?

PREACHER
I come not with Peace but with a Sword.

BEN
You, Preacher?

PREACHER gets and pockets the knife.

(CONTINUED)

49 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
That Sword has served me through many an evil time, Ben Harper.

BEN
What religion do you profess, Preacher?

PREACHER
The religion the Almighty and me worked out betwixt us.

BEN
(contemptuously)
I'll bet.

PREACHER
Salvation is a last-minute business, boy.

BEN
(sock near mouth)
Keep talkin', Preacher.

PREACHER
If you was to let that money serve the Lord's purposes, He might feel kindly turned towards you.

BEN
Keep talkin', Preacher.

He wads the sock into his mouth and lies back, sardonic.

PREACHER
(his voice fading into Dissolve)
You reckon the Lord wouldn't change his mind about you if...

DISSOLVE TO:

50 EXT. PENITENTIARY COURTYARD - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INSERT - PREACHER'S HANDS

They rest on sill of cell window, the lettered fingers legible. The right hand is lettered L-O-V-E. The hands open, disclosing his open knife. They close over it.

52 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER, AT CELL WINDOW

His eyes lift from his hands, heavenward. Moonlight on his face. He prays, quietly.

PREACHER
LORD:
You sure knowed what you was doin' when you brung me to this very cell at this very time. A man with ten thousand dollars hid somewheres, and a widder in the makin'.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. PENITENTIARY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Same SHOT as before, but now, prison lights are on; and a man, a prison GUARD, waits close inside door. BART the HANGMAN joins him with a silent salute. BART wears a hard derby. They go through the door.

54 EXT. PENITENTIARY - THE DOOR - (REVERSE)

They walk in silence into MEDIUM, MOVING SHOT, the GUARD talkative, BART reluctant to talk.

The Penitentiary recedes in b.g.

GUARD
Any trouble?

BART
No.

GUARD
He was a cool one, that Harper. Never broke.

BART
He carried on some; kicked.

55 EXT. BART'S HOUSE - MEDIUM SHOT - BART AND GUARD

On porch, by door, is a doll's perambulator. BART and GUARD walk into the SHOT. GUARD stops, BART starts up his front steps.

GUARD
He never told about the money.

(CONTINUED)

55 (CONTINUED)

BART
(walking up steps)
No.

GUARD
What do <u>you</u> figure he done with it?

BART
(turning, at door)
He took the secret with him when I dropped him.

The GUARD leaves the SHOT; BART goes in.

56 INT. BART'S HALLWAY - CLOSE SHOT - BART

He hangs up his coat and hat. Across this his wife speaks o.s.; a lighted door is ajar at rear of hall. A clatter of dishes and pans o.s.

BART'S WIFE (O.S.)
That you, Bart? Supper's waitin'.

BART just nods, and, tiptoeing, walks into a door next the kitchen and snaps on a light and turns on water o.s. His wife comes out of the kitchen and goes in.

57 INT. BART'S BATHROOM - CLOSE TWO-SHOT - BART AND WIFE

He is washing his hands in thick lather. Passing, she pecks his cheek and, as we PAN, looks into the next room. He looks past her, and we see two small CHILDREN asleep in a big brass bed. BART registers, turns again to the basin, and we PAN them back into the original TWO-SHOT.

BART
(low)
Mother: sometimes I think it might be better if I was to quit my job as guard.

His WIFE'S eyes go sharp and quiet.

WIFE
(low)
You're always this way when there's a hangin'. You never have to be there.

(CONTINUED)

57 (CONTINUED)

BART rinses his hands. A sigh; he takes up the towel.

BART
Sometimes I wish I was back at the mine.

WIFE
And leave me a widow after another blast like the one in '24? Not on your life, old mister!

He looks at her a moment. She goes out. He looks o.s. towards his CHILDREN. He goes into their room on tip-toe.

58 MED. SHOT - BART

He approaches his children, across whose bed WE SHOOT without yet seeing them. He comes into MED. CLOSE-UP. As he leans and we TILT DOWN, he extends his large hands.

59 CLOSE DOWNWARD TWO-SHOT - HIS CHILDREN

Two rose-and-gold little GIRLS lie in sleep; BART'S hands enter the SHOT and gently rearrange the covers so that their mouths and throats are free. We watch, for a moment more, the two sleeping faces.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

60 HEAD CLOSE-UP - BART, HOVERING HIS CHILDREN

CHILDREN'S VOICES O.S.
(chanting)
Hing, hang, hung
See what the Hangman done!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT. RESAP'S LANDING - DAY

We are in Peacock Alley. The tree-shaded dirt street of a small, one-street river town; a picturesque, mid-19th-century remnant of the old river civilization, which general Progress has left behind. Chiefly we see, in this order: A schoolhouse (on far side of street);

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED)

Miz Cunningham's second-hand shop; a Grange House sporting a poster for a Western movie; Spoon's Ice Cream Parlor. At the end of this street, down the river-bank, is a brick wharf and UNCLE BIRDIE'S wharf-boat. In b.g. and in passing, suggestions of sleepy small-town life.

From the HEAD CLOSE-UP of BART the Hangman o.s. chanting, we

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

62 HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN HARPER

Chanting VOICES o.s. complete "see what the Hangman done!"

PULL BACK TO:

63 CLOSE PULLING TWO-SHOT - PEARL AND JOHN

They stroll barefoot down the empty dirt sidewalk. They look towards the voices, PEARL friendly, JOHN hostile.

64 MED. SHOT - THE CHILDREN, OVER JOHN AND PEARL

Several, within the door of the Schoolhouse, stick their heads around the edge. They chant at the HARPER CHILDREN. Another, next the door, is drawing something on the wall.

CHILDREN
(chanting)
Hung, hang, hing!
See the Robber swing!

OVER these lines we CUT briefly to -

65 CLOSER SHOT - THE CHILDREN

...chanting, drawing. The ARTIST completes in chalk, a large simple sketch of a man hanging from gallows. As the verse ends we CUT TO:

66 MED. SHOT - THE CHILDREN, OVER JOHN AND PEARL

They look towards OUR CHILDREN; JOHN pays them no attention. The drawing is revealed. JOHN takes PEARL'S hand. The other CHILDREN giggle.

(CONTINUED)

66 (CONTINUED)

CHILDREN
(chanting)
Hing, hang, hung!
Now my song is done!

Between lines one and two JOHN turns away from them into -

67 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL - THROUGH WINDOW

We SHOOT them through the window of MIZ CUNNINGHAM'S second-hand store. The back of a watch is silhouetted large in FOREGROUND; JOHN'S eyes instantly fix on it; in b.g. the SCHOOL-CHILDREN finish their song and vanish, giggling, into the schoolhouse. We hear the ticking of the watch.

68 INSERT - THE WATCH

A watch with a moving sweep-hand, ticking.

69 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

PEARL
Are you goin' to buy it, John?

No answer. JOHN'S eyes are fixed on the watch. OVER a shop-doorbell we hear:

MIZ CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE O.S.
Uh-HAWWWW!

They glance towards her.

70 MEDIUM SHOT - MIZ CUNNINGHAM

Fantastically dirty and fantastically dressed, she hustles to them and we PAN her into a THREE-SHOT. She talks like a Tidewater Cockatoo.

MIZ CUNNINGHAM (continuing)
So your Mommy's keepin' you out of school! Poor little lambs!

PEARL watches her; JOHN, the watch.

MIZ CUNNINGHAM
And how is your poor, poor mother?

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
She's at Spoon's Ice Cream Parlor.

MIZ CUNNINGHAM
(she snuffles)
The Lord tends you both these days!

JOHN doesn't take his eyes off the watch.

71 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

His eyes are fixed on the watch o.s.

MIZ CUNNINGHAM'S VOICE O.S.
Didn't they never find out what your father done with all that money he stole?

Eyes as before till "money," then he looks up towards her.

72 MEDIUM SHOT - MIZ CUNNINGHAM

MIZ CUNNINGHAM
When they caught him, there wasn't so much as a penny of it to be seen! Now what do you make of that! Eh, boy?

She grins horribly.

73 TWO-SHOT - OVER JOHN AND PEARL

JOHN
Pearl and me, we have to go.

He walks off fast as we DOLLY BEHIND THEM; he leads PEARL, who hugs her doll.

PEARL
(chanting)
Hing, hang, hung.

JOHN
You better not sing that song.

PEARL
Why?

(CONTINUED)

73 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
'Cause you're too little.

A few paces in silence; now they come to the big window of Spoon's Ice Cream Parlor.

PEARL
Can we get some candy?

WILLA'S face is seen within; serving a customer, she sees them and waves them away.

JOHN
No.

He keeps her strolling. WALT SPOON, comes out, proffering two lollypops.

WALT
Howdy, youngins.

PEARL drags at JOHN'S hand but JOHN, pretending not to see or hear, drags her out of the SHOT, shaking his head. We DOLLY IN on WALT, who looks after them, surprised and touched, then goes inside.

74 INT. SPOON'S PARLOR - GROUP SHOT - WALT, WILLA, ICEY SPOON

We PAN WALT across a little of his Parlor; he plants the lollypops back in a jar on the counter and leaves the SHOT as we TIGHTEN IN on WILLA and ICEY. WILLA slides used dishes into wash-water; ICEY jaws down her back, from first moment of shot.

ICEY
Willa Harper there is certain plain facts of life that adds up just like two plus two makes four and one of them is this: No woman is good enough to raise growin' youngsters alone! The Lord meant that job for two!

WILLA
Icey, I don't want a husband.

75 CLOSE SHOT - ICEY

ICEY
(fiercely)
Fiddlesticks!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

76 FULL SHOT - EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The weekly movie audience is letting out, next door to SPOON'S. Some start cars or wagons, others stroll to SPOON'S.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

77 INT. SPOON'S PARLOR - EVENING - TWO-SHOT - ICEY AND WILLA

We start with a CLOSE SHOT as ICEY'S hands slap together a gooey banana split; TILT UP to TWO-SHOT, favoring ICEY; finish on WILLA, on "it's a man you need," etc.

Murmur of CUSTOMERS o.s.

WALT'S VOICE O.S.
(calling)
One solid brown sody, one Lovers' Delight.

ICEY
'Tain't a matter of wantin' or not wantin'! You're no spring chicken, you're a grown woman with two little youngins; it's a man you need in the house, Willa Harper!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

78 LONG SHOT - NIGHT - A TRAIN

A short, lighted, toy-like train departs the town along the river-bank, whistling. The whistle TIES OVER the previous DISSOLVE. STAR-LIT SKY.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

79 FRAMING SHOT - EXT. HARPER HOUSE - NIGHT

A square, HEAD-ON SHOT, river water below and vibrant starlight above; featuring a gas-lamp by the road; a tree; and pretty tree-shadows which work across a window.

80 INT. HARPER CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - TWO-SHOT - JOHN, PEARL, SHADOWS

PEARL lies in their bed, her doll snug on her shoulder. JOHN sits on the edge of the bed, in his underwear.

PEARL
Tell me a story, John.

JOHN
Once upon a time there was a rich King...
(he sees the shadows on the wall and gets up and looks at them)
...and he had him a song and a daughter and they all lived in a castle over in Africa. Well, one day this King got taken away by bad men and before he got took off he told his son to kill anyone that tried to steal their gold, and before long these bad men come back and --

PEARL
The Blue Men?

He moves, and as his shadow moves away we see the shadow of PREACHER, motionless. PEARL sits up and points at it. JOHN notices her and sees it. We PAN JOHN to the window. He looks out.

81 FULL SHOT - PREACHER - THROUGH WINDOW, JOHN'S V.P.

He stands motionless.

82 RESUME PREVIOUS SHOT - JOHN AT WINDOW

He turns and we PAN him to bed.

(CONTINUED)

82 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
(casually)
Just a man.
(he climbs into bed and pulls up the covers)
Goodnight Pearl, sleep tight; and don't let the bedbugs bite.

PEARL
(to doll)
'Night Miss Jenny; don't let the bedbugs bite.

As they settle down we hear PREACHER'S singing, sweet and quite o.s.: "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. RIVER AND TOWN - MORNING - FULL SHOT - (HELICOPTER) - A GINGERBREAD SIDE-WHEELER

She steams around a bend towards a toy-like small town. PREACHER'S song, o.s., ties over. People are waving from shore and boat.

84 FULL PANNING SHOT - THE BOAT, FROM SHORE

We PAN her into frame UNCLE BIRDIE STEPTOE'S toy-like little wharf-boat. As she passes broadside we CUT TO:

85 MEDIUM SHOT - BIRDIE, THEN JOHN

...as boat passes. BIRDIE'S head sticks through a port-hole. He is a wiry old river character. The boat whistles. As BIRDIE speaks we PAN JOHN, and foundered skiff, into TWO-SHOT with BIRDIE.

BIRDIE
She don't put in at Cresap's Landing no more, but she still blows as she passes.

Come on in and have a cup of coffee.

JOHN
(starting towards him)
Ain't nobody stole Dad's skiff.

(CONTINUED)

85 (CONTINUED)

BIRDIE
Ain't nobody goin' to neither, long as Uncle Birdie's around.

He vanishes from the porthole. We PAN JOHN from skiff to wharf and Birdie's door.

BIRDIE'S VOICE O.S.
(calling)
First day my jints is limber enough I'll haul her up and give her a good caulkin'.

86 INT. BIRDIE'S BOAT - TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND BIRDIE

JOHN enters and sits on a box. BIRDIE, in a ramshackle rocking chair, pours coffee. BESS'S photograph on chest near BIRDIE.

BIRDIE
Ain't seen you in a coon's age, Johnny.

JOHN
I been mindin' Pearl.

BIRDIE
Pshaw now! Ain't it a caution what women'll load onto a feller's back when he ain't lookin'?

He gives JOHN a cup of coffee.

BIRDIE
'Scuse me, Cap, while I sweeten up my coffee.

He fetches a liquor bottle from beneath the rocking chair; about to pour he does a take at BESS'S PHOTOGRAPH.

87 INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

It stands in a cabinet frame: A fine-looking young woman in archaic dress, with sharp, accusing black eyes.

BIRDIE'S VOICE O.S.
Dead and gone these twenty-five year and never takes her eyes off me.

CUT OVER his line to -

88 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND BIRDIE

He turns the picture away and splashes liquor into his coffee.

BIRDIE
(pouring)
Man o' my years needs a little snort to get his boiler heated of a morning.

They drink. BIRDIE, satisfied, sighs and rocks.

BIRDIE
This mornin' I was talkin' to this stranger up at the boarding-house. He knowed your Dad!

89 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN looks cautious.

JOHN
Where did he know Dad?

90 CLOSE SHOT - BIRDIE

BIRDIE'S face falls; he takes another drink.

BIRDIE
Well, boy, I'll not hide the truth; it was up at Moundsville Penitentiary.

91 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - NEW ANGLE

JOHN puts his cup down and gets up.

JOHN
I got to go now, Uncle Birdie.

He heads for the door.

BIRDIE
Why shucks boy, you just got here.

He follows JOHN to the door. JOHN runs up the bank, not looking back.

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
(running)
I told Mom I'd be back to
Spoon's for Pearl.

92 EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT - JOHN

He runs up the street close to Spoon's and stops dead.

93 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He is horrified by what he sees.

94 INT. SPOON'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

GROUP SHOT through door-glass, from JOHN'S V.P.

PREACHER, WILLA and PEARL surround a little table. WALT stands by, puffing his pipe. ICEY in BACKGROUND, stirs fudge at a little soda-fountain stove. WILLA looks both moved and pleased. PEARL, shyly flirting with PREACHER, all but hides in WILLA'S skirts. PREACHER dandles PEARL'S doll on his knee as he talks. All the grown-ups are avid for his words, which we don't hear through the glass.

95 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

We SHOOT THROUGH the DOOR; he quietly enters.

96 GROUP SHOT

They look casually to JOHN, and continue talking.

ICEY
(stirring; with
a meaningful
glance at Willa)
God works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.

OVER this JOHN ENTERS the SHOT and stands at the fringe of the GROUP, staring at PREACHER'S hands and at the doll.

PREACHER
I was with Brother Harper almost
to the end; ...

97 GROUP SHOT - NEW ANGLE - FAVORING JOHN AND PREACHER

PREACHER (continuing)
...and now that I'm no longer employed by the Penitentiary it is my joy to bring this small comfort to his loved ones.

98 FLASH-CUT CLOSE-UP - JOHN

On "Penitentiary" he glances quickly at PREACHER'S face; then back to his hands.

99 GROUP SHOT - ICEY

ICEY
(sniffing)
It's a mighty good man would come out of his way to bring a word of cheer to a grieving widow!

100 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

WALT
So you ain't with the State no more?

101 GROUP SHOT - FAVORING PREACHER AND JOHN

PREACHER
No, Brother; I resigned only yesterday. The heart-renderin' spectacle of them poor men was too much for me.

He becomes aware of JOHN'S staring.

PREACHER
Ah, little lad, you're staring at my fingers.

He hands the doll to PEARL. JOHN'S eyes follow the doll. PREACHER holds up both hands to JOHN. JOHN looks back at his hands.

PREACHER
Shall I tell you the little story of Right-Hand-Left-Hand -- the tale of Good and Evil?

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

JOHN stands still. PEARL, with her doll, crosses to PREACHER and twines about his knee.

102 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He looks on, in dumb alarm.

103 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER

H-A-T-E!
(he thrusts up his left hand)
It was with this left hand that old brother Cain struck the blow that laid his brother low!

L-O-V-E!
(he thrusts up his right hand)
See these here fingers, dear friends! These fingers has veins that lead straight to the soul of man! The right hand, friends! The hand of Love!

104 GROUP SHOT - ICEY, WALT, WILLA - OVER PREACHER'S HANDS

They are impressed in their different ways.

PREACHER, O.S.

Now watch and I'll show you the Story of Life. The fingers of these hands, dear hearts! - They're always a-tuggin' and a-warrin' one hand agin' t'other.
(he locks his fingers and writhes them, crackling the joints)
Look at 'em, dear hearts!

105 MEDIUM SHOT - JOHN - OVER PREACHER'S HANDS

He looks on with unseeing eyes.

(CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER, O.S.
Old Left Hand Hate's a-fightin' and it looks like Old Right Hand Love's a goner!

106 GROUP SHOT - WALT, ICEY, WILLA, OVER HANDS

PREACHER, O.S.
But wait now! Hot dog! Love's a-winnin! Yessirree!

107 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER
It's Love that won! Old Left Hand Hate's gone down for the count!
(he crashes both hands onto the table)

108 FULL SHOT - THE WHOLE GROUP

Slight applause from the ADULTS. PREACHER takes PEARL, with her doll, onto his lap.

ICEY
I never heard it better told. I wish every soul in this community could git the benefit. You jest got to stay for our church pick-nick Sunday!

PEARL offers PREACHER the DOLL to kiss. PREACHER complies.

109 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN'S REACTION

110 RESUME GROUP SHOT

PREACHER
(finessing it)
I must wend my way down River on the Lord's work.

ICEY
You ain't leavin' in no hurry if we can help it!

(CONTINUED)

110 (CONTINUED)

WILLA
John: take that look offen your face and act nice.

PREACHER
He don't mean no impudence; do you, boy?
(no answer)
Do you, boy? Ah, many's the time poor Brother Ben told me about these youngins.

JOHN
What did he tell you?

111 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

He does a little take. His eyes twinkle palely.

PREACHER
Why, he told me what fine little lambs you and your sister both was.

112 GROUP SHOT

JOHN
Is that all?

113 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

Something new enters his eyes; a game has begun between them.

PREACHER
Why, no, boy; he told me lots and lots of things. Nice things, boy.

A tight silence. ICEY pours fudge into a buttered pan.

PREACHER
My, that fudge smells yummy!

114 CLOSE SHOT - ICEY

ICEY
(with horrid archness)
It's for the pick-nick. And
(continued)

(CONTINUED)

114 (CONTINUED)

ICEY (cont'd)
you won't get a smidgen of my fudge unless you stay for the pick-nick!

Over her line, o.s., hymn-singing begins and now, OVER her "the case rests" smile we bring up the singing and

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

115 EXT. THE RIVER BANK - CHURCH IN BACKGROUND - FULL SHOT - THE SINGING PICKNICKERS

A pleasant, grassy river-bank. Few men in proportion to women and children. We CENTER PREACHER. They are singing "Brighten the Corner;" PREACHER sings conspicuously well. The women watch him and admire him. He gives WILLA the eye as we PAN to CENTER WILLA, who looks wooed and self-conscious. ICEY enters the SHOT and whispers and beckons WILLA and, as the singing continues, they leave the group and start towards a shade tree in MEDIUM GROUND, which we PAN TO CENTER.

116 FULL SHOT - WILLA AND ICEY

They walk; singers in BACKGROUND.

ICEY
Don't he have the grandest singin' voice?

WILLA nods. ICEY, looking ahead, is displeased.

117 MEDIUM SHOT - THE TREE, JOHN AND PEARL

They sit on a bench, their backs to us, partly concealed by the tree trunk.

ICEY'S VOICE
(sharp)
John: Pearl:

They look around. ICEY and WILLA enter the SHOT, their backs to us.

ICEY
Run along and play, you two.

(CONTINUED)

117 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
Where?

ICEY
Down by the river. My goodness!

Docile, they leave the shot as WILLA and ICEY approach the bench.

118 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - WILLA AND ICEY

They sit on the bench, their backs to us. The CHILDREN recede towards the river in BACKGROUND. WILLA meekly keeps her head down. Singing continues o.s.

ICEY
That feller's just achin' to settle down with some nice woman and make a home for himself.

WILLA
It's awful soon after Ben's passing.

ICEY
If ever I saw a Sign from Heaven!

WILLA
John don't like him much.

ICEY
Pearl dotes on him.

WILLA
The boy worries me. It's stilly, but it's like there was something still between him and his Dad.

ICEY
What he needs is a dose o' salts!

WILLA
There's something else.

ICEY
What?

WILLA
The money, Icey.

(CONTINUED)

118 (CONTINUED)

ICEY
I declare, you'll let that money haunt you to your grave, Willa Harper!

WILLA
I would love to be satisfied Harry Powell don't think I've got that money somewhere.

ICEY
You'll come right out and ask that Man of God!
(turning and yelling)
Mr. Paow-well!
(to Willa)
Clear that evil mud out of your soul!

PREACHER starts towards her. ICEY pivots and we PAN OVER her to CHILDREN by river.

ICEY
(yelling)
John: Pearl:...

119 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL AND JOHN

JOHN looks up from pebble-skimming and loosens his tie.

ICEY O.S.
(yelling)
Come along hee-ere and get some fuu-udge!

JOHN
(calling)
I don't want no fudge.

His brow is furrowed. He skims another pebble.

ICEY O.S.
(shouting)
You'll do what you're told!

They unwillingly get moving.

120 RESUME TWO-SHOT - ICEY AND WILLA

ICEY
You go set down by the River.

WILLA
(getting up)
Oh, Icey, I'm a sight!

ICEY
Get along with you.

Both women set off, WILLA to River, ICEY towards GROUP. We TRACK after ICEY. PREACHER approaches. ICEY, crossing him, gives him a little shove towards WILLA and a coy -

ICEY
You!!!

We FOLLOW her to the women who are busying themselves with the fudge.

121 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - ICEY AND WOMEN, FAVORING ICEY

...a few men in BACKGROUND, and, beyond them, PREACHER sits down by WILLA at water's edge. JOHN and PEARL approach. As ICEY starts yammering the men, WALT among them, shyly withdraw.

ICEY
That young lady'd better look sharp or some smart sister between here and Captina's a-gonna snap him up right from under her nose!
(they nod and agree, ad lib)
She's not the only fish in the river!
(more agreement. John and Pearl join Icey. Icey speaks to John)
Now you two stay put!

122 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He looks hard towards WILLA and PREACHER o.s.

ICEY
(o.s., to women)
Shilly-shallying around...

123 LONG SHOT - WILLA AND PREACHER

...from JOHN'S VIEWPOINT in tableau of decorous courtship, framed by heavy domestic bodies.

ICEY (O.S.)
A husband's one piece of store goods ye never know till you get it home and take the paper off.

124 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - WILLA AND PREACHER

They sit by the water; drooling willows; almost in travesty of a romantic scene. WILLA dabbles one hand in the water.

WILLA
(very shy)
Did Ben Harper ever tell you what he done with that money he stole?

125 HEAD CLOSE-UP - PREACHER

His head goes slantwise and he smiles oddly.

PREACHER
My dear child, don't <u>you</u> know?

126 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He watches intently towards his mother; PEARL holds his hand. ICEY'S voice o.s.

127 GROUP SHOT - WOMEN, JOHN AND PEARL

ICEY
She's moonin' about Ben Harper. That wasn't love, it was just flap-doodle.
(agreeing nods and murmurs)
Have some fudge, lambs.
(she hands some down to John and Pearl. Pearl smears her mouth with it; John, watching always

(continued)

127 (CONTINUED)

ICEY (cont'd)
towards his mother,
takes one nibble
and throws the
rest away)
When you're married forty years,
you know all that don't amount
to a hill o' beans! I been
married to my Walt that long,
and I'll swear in all that time
I'd just lie there thinking
about my canning.

In BACKGROUND WALT looks sheepish.

WILLA'S VOICE O.S.
(calling)
John! John?

All look towards her.

128 LONG SHOT - OVER GROUP

WILLA is standing, beckoning JOHN.

129 MEDIUM TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

They start towards their mother.

130 GROUP SHOT - ICEY AND WOMEN - NEW ANGLE

ICEY
A woman's a <u>fool</u> to marry for
that. It's something for a <u>man</u>.
The good Lord never meant for a
decent woman to want <u>that</u> - not
<u>really</u> want it! It's all just
a fake and a pipe-dream.

The others agree with her. She puts a piece of fudge in her mouth.

131 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - PREACHER, WILLA, CHILDREN

...as JOHN and PEARL (with DOLL) come shyly up. WILLA is seated again. She is radiant.

(CONTINUED)

131 (CONTINUED)

WILLA
John, Mr. Powell has got something to tell you.

PREACHER
Well, John, the night before your father died, he told me what he did with that money.

132 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He desperately conceals his reaction; he thinks BEN has betrayed him.

133 RESUME GROUP SHOT

PREACHER
That money's at the bottom of the river wrapped around a 12-pound cobblestone.

134 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

He now conceals his <u>new</u> reaction.

135 RESUME GROUP SHOT

WILLA touches PREACHER'S hand, warmly.

WILLA
Thank you, Harry.

She looks all around her, glowing, and stands up, hands to hair.

PEARL
John...

JOHN
Sshhh...

WILLA
I feel clean now! My whole body's just a-wuiverin' with cleanness!

She walks away towards ICEY and the WOMEN.

136 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER
John: here.

137 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

JOHN moves to stand in front of him; PEARL, to stand beside PREACHER, with the DOLL.

138 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER AND CHILDREN

From JOHN'S eye-level; as JOHN'S steps in front of him and PEARL beside him.

PREACHER
Your tie's crooked.

139 HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN

The hand named LOVE and the hand named HATE come in to straighten the necktie. JOHN looks down. He looks up and sees:

140 GROUP SHOT - JOHN'S V.P.

PREACHER, in close-up, hands busy o.s.; PEARL, with doll; and between them, in BACKGROUND, WILLA. She is now running fast towards ICEY, who walks towards her with arms outstretched. Behind them, the group of WOMEN. BIRDIE'S guitar music begins o.s.

DISSOLVE TO:

141 EXT. BIRDIE'S BOAT - EVENING - MEDIUM SHOT - BIRDIE, JOHN AND SKIFF

Birdie sits beside his open door, strumming a guitar and singing. The scene is lamplighted from within. Ben's skiff is inverted on trestles in FOREGROUND. At start of scene we see only John's feet; he's under the skiff, examining it. After three lines of song he comes out from under, and lounges against the skiff, tracing a tarry seam with his forefinger.

(CONTINUED)

141 (CONTINUED)

BIRDIE
(singing)
'Twas down at Cresap's Landing,
Along the River Shore,
Birdie Steptoe was a Pilot
In the good old days of yore.

Now he sets in his old wharf-boat...

JOHN
(across him)
When'll Dad's skiff be ready?

BIRDIE
Can't hear ye, boy.
(singing)
...So the big boats heave a sigh,
They blow for Uncle Birdie...

JOHN
(across him)
When'll the skiff be ready?

BIRDIE
(singing)
And the times that are gone by.
I'll have her ready inside of a
week; and then we'll go fishin'.
How's your Maw?

Through rest of scene, Birdie picks lazily at his guitar.

JOHN
O, she's all right.

BIRDIE
How's your sister Pearl?

JOHN
Just fine.

He gets up.

BIRDIE
Leavin', boy?

JOHN
Yep; gotta watch out for Pearl,
Uncle Birdie.

(CONTINUED)

141 (CONTINUED)

BIRDIE
Well goodnight, boy. Come again - any time.

JOHN leaves the SHOT.

BIRDIE
And mind now - I'll have your Paw's skiff in ship-shape, 'side of a week.

142 MOVING SHOT - JOHN

As he runs past SPOON'S, looking in, he is curious.

143 MOVING SHOT - SPOON'S, HIS V.P.

ICEY embraces WILLA or waltzes her around; WALT looks on, pleased.

144 FULL SHOT - JOHN

He hurries away from us towards home.

145 FRAMING SHOT - THE HARPER HOUSE

In the otherwise dark house, one window is lighted. JOHN enters the SHOT, his back to us, Seeing the lighted window, he hesitates.

JOHN
(softly)
Is somebody there?

Silent pause, listening; then he walks cautiously towards us.

146 FULL SHOT - JOHN

A tall, narrow shooting-frame; right and left thirds of screen are black.

We SHOOT from inside the screen door. JOHN crosses the porch and softly opens the door and enters on tiptoe and pauses, close to us, in the dark hallway, listening sharp.

(CONTINUED)

146 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
(softly)
Is anybody here?

Silence. Relieved, but puzzled, he tiptoes along towards the rear of the hallway in CLOSE-UP as we PULL AWAY. We bring in the bottom of the stairs.

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
Good evening, John.

JOHN gasps, peering, and looks up.

147 TWO SHOT - JOHN AND PREACHER - NARROW SCREEN

PREACHER looks at JOHN; JOHN sinks onto the edge of a chair. PREACHER sits opposite. A bar of light from door falls across PREACHER'S face.

PREACHER
I had a little talk with your mother tonight, John; and your mother decided it might be best for me to -- let you know the news.

From JOHN, just a questioning, helpless reaction.

PREACHER
Your mother told me tonight she wanted me to be a daddy to you and your sister. We're going to get married, son.

JOHN is still.

PREACHER
Did you hear what I said, son?

JOHN
Huh?

PREACHER
Married! We have decided to go to Sistersville tomorrow, and when we come back --

JOHN
(just breathing it)
You ain't my Dad! You won't never be my Dad!

(CONTINUED)

147 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
(obsessed, disregarding him)
-- and when we come back, we'll all be friends -- and share our fortunes together, John!

JOHN
(screaming)
You think you can make me tell! But I won't! I won't! I won't!

He gawks at his own folly, covers his mouth with his hand and looks up at PREACHER.

PREACHER
(softly)
Tell me what, boy?

JOHN
Nothin'!

PREACHER
Are we keeping secrets from each other, little lad?

JOHN
No. No.

PREACHER stiffens, relaxes, and chuckles softly.

PREACHER
No matter, boy: we've got a long time together.

148 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PREACHER

JOHN starts for the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

149 EXT. HARPER YARD - MORNING - CLOSE SHOT - BEN'S FORD

It stands vibrating, then moves out of shot with receding engine sound o.s., disclosing:

150 TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

ICEY'S skirts in BACKGROUND. They are awfully spic-and-span; they even wear shoes.

(CONTINUED)

150 (CONTINUED)

ICEY O.S.
Wave yer hands! Great sakes!

They wave after the car, bewilderedly.

ICEY O.S.
You wait here while I get your night-things.

She hustles out of shot.

PEARL
Now can I tell?

JOHN
Hm?

PEARL
When Mr. Powell's our Daddy then I can tell him about -

His hand clamps over her mouth. She struggles and whimpers.

JOHN
You swore, Pearl!

PEARL
(across him)
John! Don't!

JOHN
You promised Dad you wouldn't never tell!

He takes his hand away but holds it ready.

PEARL
I love Mr. Powell lots and lots, John!

JOHN grabs her by the shoulders and glares.

JOHN
Don't you tell! Don't you NEVER DARE tell!

Over them we

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

151 SHOULDER CLOSE-UP - WILLA

She is caressing her shoulders.

152 FULL SHOT - WILLA

Her back is to us. She is in a pathetic night dress; she stands before a mirror in a hotel bedroom in Sistersville. She walks to the door.

153 INSERT - WILLA'S HAND

It hesitates on the doorknob.

154 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA

Shooting OVER her as she opens the door, we see PREACHER in bed, his back to us. Beyond him, a window. The drawn shade rustles quietly.

155 CLOSE SHOT - THE DOOR

...from within the room. WILLA closes the door, on which PREACHER'S coat hangs. The closing brings a knocking sound. WILLA feels the outside of the coat; feels something hard; takes out the knife and looks at it.

156 INSERT - THE KNIFE IN HER HAND - CLOSE SHOT - WILLA

A moment of perplexity; then a little smile.

WILLA
(whispering)
Oh! It's...uh...

She puts it back in the pocket and gives the pocket a pat. She starts towards the bed.

157 TWO-SHOT - WILLA AND PREACHER

We SHOOT OVER PREACHER as she approaches modestly and stands by the bed.

WILLA
(softly)
Harry...

(CONTINUED)

157 (CONTINUED)

His hand comes up; she puts out her own, expecting a loving hand-clasp; but PREACHER points to the window.

PREACHER
Fix that window shade.

Startled, then again tender, she moves to:

158 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA AT WINDOW

She adjusts the shade, looking always towards the bed. She smiles maternally. As we PULL BACK and PAN into FULL SHOT OF BED she comes to the bed and sits on the edge and slips off her mules. PREACHER'S back is to her.

WILLA
(softly)
Harry!

PREACHER
(cool and clear)
I was praying.

WILLA
Oh, I'm sorry, Harry! I didn't know! I thought maybe --

With a sounding of bedsprings PREACHER turns. His voice is quiet and cold.

PREACHER
You thought, Willa, that the moment you walked in that door I'd start in to pawing you in the abominable way men are supposed to do on their wedding night. Ain't that right, now?

WILLA
No, Harry! I thought --

PREACHER
I think it's time we got one thing perfectly clear, Willa. Marriage to me represents a blending of two spirits in the sight of Heaven.

(CONTINUED)

158 (CONTINUED)

He gets out of bed. WILLA puts her face down to the pillow and moans. PREACHER snaps on a harsh bare bulb at center of room.

PREACHER
(quietly)
Get up, Willa.

WILLA
Harry, what --

PREACHER
Get up.

She obeys.

PREACHER
Now go and look at yourself yonder in that mirror.

WILLA hesitates.

159 FULL SHOT - OVER PREACHER - CENTERING A STAINED BUREAU MIRROR

PREACHER
Do as I say.

WILLA walks to meet her image in the mirror; her eyes on PREACHER.

PREACHER
Look at yourself.

Her head drops, facing the mirror.

160 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA, PREACHER, BULB

WILLA is in HEAD CLOSE-UP; bulb hangs at center; PREACHER, in his nightshirt, is beyond it.

PREACHER
What do you see, girl?

Her mouth trembles; she can't talk.

(CONTINUED)

160 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
You see the body of a woman! The temple of creation and motherhood. You see the flesh of Eve that Man since Adam has profaned. That body was meant for begetting children. It was not meant for the lust of men.

WILLA just opens her mouth.

PREACHER
Do you want more children, Willa?

WILLA
I -- no, I --

PREACHER
It's the business of our marriage to mind those two you have now -- not to beget more.

WILLA
Yes.

He stands watching her for a moment; then he snaps off the light and gets into bed.

PREACHER
You can get back into bed now and stop shivering.

WILLA, in the darkness, does not move. She folds her hands in prayer and lifts her eyes.

WILLA
(whispering)
Help me to get clean so I can be what Harry wants me to be.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

161 INSERT - A TORCH OR RAILROAD FLARE

VOICES O.S.
AAA-MEN!

162 GROUP SHOT - CONGREGATION

A dozen country men and women in religious ecstasy.

(NOTE: No set necessary for this scene. Flare, or flares, in every SHOT. Faces lighted by flares.)

CONGREGATION
AAA-MENN!

WILLA O.S.
(very loud)
You have all sinned!

CONGREGATION
Yes! Yes!

163 HEAD CLOSE-UP - WILLA

WILLA
But which one of you can say as I can say: I drove a good man to murder because I kept a-houndin' him for clothes and per-fumes and face paint!

164 GROUP SHOT - CONGREGATION

WILLA O.S.
And he slew two human beings and he come to me and he said: Take this money and buy your per-fumes and paint!

165 FULL FIGURE SHOT - WILLA, STANDING; PREACHER STANDING IN B.G.

WILLA
But Brethren, that's where the Lord stepped in! That's where the LORD stepped in!

PREACHER
Yes!

CONGREGATION O.S.
Yes! Yes!

166 GROUP SHOT - CONGREGATION

WILLA O.S.
(screaming)
And the Lord told that man --

CONGREGATION
Yes! Yes!

167 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA

WILLA
The Lord said, Take that money and throw it in the River!

CONGREGATION O.S.
Yes! Yes! Hallelujah!

WILLA
Throw that money in the River! In THE RIVER!

CONGREGATION O.S.
IN THE RIIV - ER !

CUT TO:

168 EXTREME CLOSE DOWN-SHOT - PEARL'S DOLL

It lies face down on arbor bricks, its back wide open; money spilling out. A little breeze toys with the money. HOLD, a moment, in silence. Then we hear a snipping sound o.s. TILT UPWARD into -

169 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL

She sits at the end of the grape-arbor. She finishes cutting a skirted paper-doll out of a hundred dollar bill and lays it down beside a male hundred-dollar paper-doll. She pats the dolls.

PEARL
Now! You're John - and you're Pearl.

JOHN'S VOICE O.S.
(calling)
Pearl?...Pearl?

(CONTINUED)

169 (CONTINUED)

PEARL starts guiltily and looks towards him, scrambling money together. JOHN'S footsteps o.s.

PEARL
You'll get awful mad, John.
I done a Sin!

170 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN - PEARL'S ANGLE

JOHN
You what?

He hears the frantic rustling of paper -

JOHN
(aghast)
Pearl! You ain't --

171 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL, OVER JOHN

PEARL
John, don't be mad! Don't be mad! I was just playing with it! I didn't tell no one!

172 FLASH CUT CLOSE-UP - JOHN

...as he stoops toward her, dumb with horror.

173 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL

She continues to gather the money together.

PEARL
(pleading)
It's all here.

174 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

JOHN
Pearl! Oh, Pearl!

She's stuffing bills back into the torn doll. They slide through her fingers. He helps.

175 FLASH INSERT - PREACHER'S FOOT

...as he plants it, with sound, in damp grass.

176 CLOSE SHOT - THE CHILDREN

JOHN freezes.

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
John?

JOHN
Oh -- yes?

177 LONG SHOT - PREACHER - CHILDREN'S V.P.

He stands at far end of arbor.

PREACHER
What are you doing, boy?

178 LONG SHOT - CHILDREN - PREACHER'S V.P.

JOHN
Getting Pearl to bed. I --

PREACHER
What's taking you so long about it?

179 FLASH INSERT - THEIR FRANTIC HANDS, MONEY, THE DOLL

JOHN O.S.
It - she --

180 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER - PEERING TOWARDS THEM

PREACHER
What's that you're playing with, boy?

181 LONG SHOT - CHILDREN - PREACHER'S V.P.

JOHN
Pearl's junk. Mom gets mad when she plays out here and don't clean up afterward.

PREACHER
Come on, children!

182 INSERT - JOHN'S HANDS PIN THE DOLL TOGETHER

183 FULL SHOT - CHILDREN STAND UP, LOOK TOWARDS PREACHER, AND SLOWLY START TOWARDS HIM. THE TWO FORGOTTEN PAPER-DOLLS ARE BLOWN TOWARDS HIM TOO.

184 MOVING SHOT - PREACHER - JOHN'S V.P.

PREACHER'S watch-chain gleams. The shot SLOWLY CLOSES DOWN on it and becomes still. We see the paper-dolls blow past him.

PREACHER'S VOICE
Now, up to bed with the both of you.

185 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

JOHN starts to laugh uncontrollably. We PAN them past PREACHER'S stomach into FULL SHOT.

PREACHER'S VOICE
Come here, John.

PREACHER'S VOICE
Run along, Pearl.

PEARL goes, JOHN comes towards PREACHER.

186 PREACHER - JOHN'S V.P.

PREACHER
Your mother says you tattled on me, boy. She says you told her that I asked you where that money was hid.

JOHN O.S.
Yes. Yes.

PREACHER
That wasn't very nice of you, John. Have a heart, boy.

187 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

His helpless reaction. Pause.

(CONTINUED)

187 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER'S VOICE
Run along to bed.

As JOHN turns away we

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

188 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA IN PROFILE

...and PULL AWAY showing JOHN as he turns to her. (PEARL'S head is turned away; she's asleep.)

WILLA
Were you impudent to Mr. Powell, John?

JOHN
Mom, I didn't mean --

WILLA
What were you impudent about?

JOHN
He asked me about the money again, Mom.

WILLA
You always make up that lie, John! There <u>is</u> no money, John. Can't you get that through your head?

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

189 CLOSE SHOT - A GAR, UNDERWATER

190 CLOSE UPWARD TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND BIRDIE

They look down into the water.

BIRDIE
Meanest, orneriest, sneakinest critter in the whole river, boy! A gar!

191 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND BIRDIE

They sit up into it.

(CONTINUED)

191 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
Here's your can o' hooks, Uncle Birdie.

BIRDIE
There hain't nary hook in the land smart enough to hook Mister Gar. What a feller needs is mother-wit - and a horse-hair.

Over this, he pulls horse-hair out of his hatband. He sets to work rigging his noose.

JOHN
Won't he bust it, Uncle Birdie?

BIRDIE
Shoot, a horse-hair'll hold a lumpin' whale.

He puts over his line. Pause.

BIRDIE
Do you mind me cussin', boy?

JOHN
No.

BIRDIE
Tell you why I ask - your step-pa bein' a Preacher an' all...

JOHN'S lips go like string. BIRDIE sees it.

BIRDIE
Never was much of a one for preachers myself. I dunno what's wrong up at your place, but just remember one thing, Cap - if ever you need help you just holler out and come a-runnin'. Old Uncle Birdie's your friend.

A powerful strike. BIRDIE lands the gar. The air is full of sparkling water.

BIRDIE
There! You slimy, snag-toothed, egg-suckin', bait-stealin' so-and-so!

192 QUICK INSERT - THE THUMPING FISH IN BOTTOM OF BOAT

193 FULL SHOT

He beats the fish with the heel of an old shoe.

BIRDIE
(beating)
Mind what I told you. If ever you get in a crack, I just come a-runnin'.

Now there is no sound of thumping or beating.

194 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

Admiring BIRDIE, he squares his shoulders, full of confidence.

JOHN
Can we eat him, Uncle Birdie?

BIRDIE
If you got an appetite for bones and bitterness.

On this, he flings the dead gar in a wide arc out into the river.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

195 INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The children are ready for bed.

196 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

Smiling, quiet, awaiting an answer.

197 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN
I don't know.

198 TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PREACHER

PEARL plays unconcernedly in background.

(CONTINUED)

198 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
(intimately)
She thinks that money's in the river, but you and me, we know better, don't we, boy?

JOHN
I don't know nothin'!

PREACHER
The summer is young yet, little lad.
(he turns away from John)
Pearl?

He holds out his hands to her; she comes to his lap, dropping her doll at his feet. JOHN turns his back and looks out the window beside bureau.

PREACHER
John's a feller who likes to keep <u>secrets</u>.

PEARL
Mm-hm.

PREACHER
I'll tell <u>you</u> a secret.

PEARL
Yes?

PREACHER
I knowed your Daddy.
(PEARL frowns)
And do you know what your Daddy said to me? He said, "Tell my little girl Pearl there's to be no secrets between her and you."

199 INSERT - JOHN'S HAND COMES TO REST BESIDE A HAIRBRUSH

200 RESUME TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND PEARL, JOHN IN B.G.

PEARL
Yes?

PREACHER
Now it's <u>your</u> turn.

(CONTINUED)

200 (CONTINUED)

PEARL
What secret shall I tell?

PREACHER
How old are you?

PEARL
That's no secret. I'm five.

201 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN - PREACHER AND PEARL IN B.G.

A look of impotent hatred.

PREACHER
Sure, that's no secret.

202 RESUME TWO-SHOT

PREACHER (continuing)
What's your name?

PEARL
(giggling)
You're just foolin'! My name's Pearl.

PREACHER
Tst-tst! Then I reckon I'll have to try again! Where's the money hid?

JOHN throws the hairbrush, striking PREACHER'S head.

JOHN
(screaming as he throws)
You swore you wouldn't tell!
(he beats the air with his fists)
You swore! You swore! You swore!

203 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

He is sure now PEARL knows.

204 THREE-SHOT - PEARL, PREACHER, JOHN

PEARL
(awed)
You hit Daddy with the hair-brush!

Another silence.

PREACHER
(cheerfully)
You see? We can't have anything to do with John.
(light off)
You and me will go down to the parlor.

PEARL
Miz Jenny! Miz Jenny!

She gets the doll. We PAN them through the door.

205 TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND PEARL

Outside door as he closes it.

PREACHER
John's just plumb bad through and through -

206 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL

As PREACHER'S hand locks the door.

PEARL
(at door)
Yes, John's just plumb bad.

CUT TO:

207 INT. SPOON'S ICE CREAM PARLOR - THREE-SHOT - WILLA, ICEY, WALT

We shoot OVER ICEY as WILLA opens the door to leave. WILLA is in outdoor clothes and is not dressed for work in the parlor.

WILLA
That boy's as stubborn and mulish as a sheep!

(CONTINUED)

207 (CONTINUED)

ICEY
(sighing)
It's a shame!

WILLA'S face shines like one possessed.

WILLA
Goodnight.

WALT enters shot, his back to us.

ICEY
Goodnight, honey.

As WILLA starts away we DOLLY THROUGH DOOR and PAN her to deserted street. There is a river mist.

208 TWO-SHOT - WALT AND ICEY

WALT is ill at ease.

209 RESUME SHOT ON WILLA

ICEY O.S.
(calling)
Plan on a longer visit next time.

WALT O.S.
You don't hardly get settled till you're frettin' to git home again.

Again WILLA pauses and turns.

WILLA
(with sweet radiance. To Walt:)
I'm needed to keep peace and harmony between them.
(to Icey:)
It's my burden and I'm proud of it, Icey!

She walks off into the mist.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

210 EXT. HARPER HOME - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - LIGHTED PARLOR WINDOW; REST OF HOUSE DARK

Distant muffled sound of river-boat whistle.

PEARL O.S.
John's bad.

WILLA enters, her back to us; she stops.

PREACHER O.S.
Yes; John's bad.

PEARL
Tell me another secret about my Dad.

211 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA

She smiles benignly.

PREACHER O.S.
O no! Your turn!

PEARL
All right.

PREACHER
Where's the money hid.

WILLA keeps smiling.

PEARL
John's bad.

PREACHER
Where's the money hid? Tell me, you little wretch, or I'll tear your arm off!

Still smiling, shaking her head as in disbelief, WILLA makes for house as PEARL screams.

212 INT. HARPER HALLWAY - TWO-SHOT - WILLA AND PREACHER

Narrow screen, same set-up as in earlier corridor scene, PREACHER and JOHN. Their eyes meet. Pause.

PREACHER
(stunned)
I didn't expect you home so soon.

213 CLOSE SHOT - WILLA

She still smiles; her eyes turn to sound of PEARL'S sobbing.

214 TWO SHOT - AS BEFORE

PREACHER stands still; WILLA in BACKGROUND opens closet door where PEARL sobs.

CUT TO:

215 TWO-SHOT - WALT AND ICEY

...washing and drying glasses. ICEY is washing briskly, WALT is drying slowly.

WALT
Icey, I'm worried about Willa.

ICEY
How do you mean?

WALT
I'm figurin' how I can say it so's you won't get mad.

ICEY
Say what, Walt Spoon!

WALT
There's somethin' wrong about it, Mother.

ICEY
About what!

WALT
About Mr. Powell. All of it!

ICEY
Walt!

WALT
Now, Mother, a body can't help their feelin's.

ICEY
May the Lord have mercy on you, Walt Spoon!

(CONTINUED)

215 (CONTINUED)

WALT
Mother, I only --

CUT TO:

216 INT. WILLA'S AND PREACHER'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - WILLA ON BED - PREACHER IN BACKGROUND

WILLA lies in profile on the bed along the bottom of the frame. A prim, old woman's nightdress makes her look like a child. Her hands are clasped. PREACHER, fully dressed, stands at the window, which is in BACKGROUND towards foot of bed. His coat, hung over a chair, is in silhouette. River mist outside window halated by exterior gas-lamp. The window shade is up. She is mumbling in prayer. She stops.

PRACHER
(his back still turned)
Are you through praying?

WILLA
I'm through, Harry.

He turns. WILLA is calm and immobile with the ecstasy of a martyr.

PREACHER
You were listening outside the parlor window.

WILLA
It's not in the river, is it Harry?

PREACHER
Answer me!

WILLA
Ben never told you he throwed it in the river? Did he?

PREACHER hits her across the mouth. A pause.

WILLA
(continues, unruffled)
Then the children know where it is hid? John knows? Is that it?
(continued)

(CONTINUED)

216 (CONTINUED)

WILLA (cont'd)
(a pause)
Then it's still here, somewhere amongst us, tainting us?

217 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER, LISTENING FOR A VOICE

218 RESUME TWO-SHOT

WILLA
So you must have known it all along, Harry.

219 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER, LISTENING

After a moment, the river boat whistle blows, nearer. HOLD CLOSE-UP a moment after whistle.

220 CLOSE DOWN-SHOT - WILLA, SAINT-LIKE

WILLA
But that ain't why you married me, Harry. I know that much. It couldn't be that because the Lord just wouldn't let it.

221 RESUME TWO-SHOT - WILLA

WILLA
He made you marry me so's you could show me the Way and the Life and the Salvation of my soul! Ain't that so, Harry?

222 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

He has heard the VOICE and starts to move out of CLOSE SHOT.

223 RESUME TWO-SHOT

He has moved over to the coat on back of chair.

224 CLOSE SHOT - COAT

His hand goes into the pocket and brings the knife out. (It is the same coat, and pocket, as in the wedding-night scene.)

225 RESUME TWO-SHOT

WILLA
So you might say it was the money that brung us together.

He pulls down the blind. He moves toward the bed.

WILLA
The rest of it don't matter, Harry.

226 INSERT - PREACHER'S HAND AND KNIFE

It clicks open.

227 RESUME TWO-SHOT

As he raises his arm to strike:

228 HEAD CLOSE-UP - WILLA

...with foolish, ecstatic eyes.

WILLA
Bless us all!

DISSOLVE TO:

229 INT. CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - FULL SHOT - THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL

They are shaped as in earlier scene, but altered by mist. Set-up as in earlier scene. Over them we hear the whinny-and-catch and the failure of the Ford being cranked; once; then again: then JOHN'S shadow moves on the wall and on a third cranking which engages the engine, we PAN TO WINDOW, shooting over JOHN, who peers out, into blind mist.

(CONTINUED)

229 (CONTINUED)

The gears of the car shift; the car moves away, unseen; its sounds diminish slowly, and die. A moment of silence; then JOHN turns and we PAN him to the bed. He gets in beside PEARL, who is asleep, and, as we TIGHTEN IN CLOSE, puts his hand across the face of the doll.

DISSOLVE TO:

230 HEAD CLOSE-UP - ICEY

An ominous expression. She looks sharp to WALT, beckoning secretly; through rear screen door of kitchen, onto porch.

ICEY
(loud whisper)
Walt! Come quick!

231 FULL FIGURE SHOT - WALT

He is scrubbing out an ice cream container on the back porch. He looks up and moves towards her.

WALT
(natural voice)
What's wrong, Mother?

232 MED. CLOSE - ICEY, THEN WALT

ICEY
(whisper)
Sshhh! He's in there.

WALT ENTERS SHOT with pipe.

WALT
Who?

ICEY
(whisper)
Mr. Powell!
(Walt looks enquiry)
Willa has run away!

WALT
I'll be switched!....

They enter the kitchen. We hear muffled sounds of sobbing o.s.

233 MED. CLOSE TWO-SHOT

WALT
Just <u>went</u>?

ICEY
She took out some time durin' the night, -- in that old Model-T --

WALT clucks his tongue.

WALT
Is he hit pretty bad?

ICEY
All to pieces!

WALT moves towards kitchen cabinet.

WALT
There's a little peach brandy - maybe a sip?

ICEY
A man of the Cloth?

234 MED. CLOSE SHOT - WALT

He pours, snaps it down; weak defiance.

235 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ICEY

ICEY
Walt Spoon, that's for sickness in the house!

236 MED. CLOSE SHOT - WALT

He looks towards o.s. sobbing.

WALT
What can we do, Mother?

237 TWO-SHOT

ICEY
I thought if you went and talked to him -- another man -

238 MED. SHOT - PREACHER

He sits at a table, his back towards us, mumbling over his Bible.

239 TWO-SHOT - WALT, ICEY BEHIND HIM, ENTERING THROUGH DOOR

WALT
Mister Powell?

PREACHER
(suddenly loud)
A strange woman is a narrow pit!

ICEY
(a reverent whisper)
Amen! Amen!

PREACHER
She lieth in wait as for a prey. And increaseth the transgressors among men.

He closes his Bible and turns to them with weepy eyes and a brave little smile.

PREACHER
My dear, dear friends! Whatever would I do without you!

240 CLOSE SHOT - ICEY

ICEY
(wailing)
Mister Powell!

241 THREE-SHOT - NEW ANGLE

WALT
Is there anythin' -- <u>any</u>-thin'...?

PREACHER
It is my shame - my crown of thorns. And I must wear it bravely.

(CONTINUED)

241 (CONTINUED)

ICEY
What could have possessed that girl!

PREACHER
(simply)
Satan.

ICEY
Ah.

WALT sits across from PREACHER. ICEY is at PREACHER'S elbow.

WALT
Didn't you have no inkling?

PREACHER
Yes; from the first night.

WALT
The first night?

PREACHER
Our honeymoon.

242 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

WALT
How's that?

243 TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND ICEY

PREACHER
She turned me out of the bed.

ICEY
(with pleasure)
Nnnoooo!!

244 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

Filling his pipe.

WALT
What do you figure to do?

245 TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND ICEY

PREACHER
Do? Why stay and take care of them little kids. Maybe it was never meant for a woman like Willa to taint their young lives.

ICEY
(hands clasped; with approval)
Mmmmm!

246 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

Dabbing at moisture in the corner of his eye.

WALT
That's mighty brave of you, Reverend.

247 TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND ICEY

PREACHER
I reckon it's been ordained this way, Brother Spoon.

248 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

WALT
Didn't -- didn't she leave no word?

249 TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND ICEY

PREACHER
A scrawl. On a piece of notepaper on the bureau.

ICEY smiles sideways.

PREACHER
I burned it.
(Preacher holds out his hand, stares in disgust, and wipes his palm dramatically on his coat-sleeve)
(continued)

(CONTINUED)

249 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER (cont'd)
I tore it up and burned it -- it stank so strong of hell-fire.

ICEY
Amen.

PREACHER
The pitcher has went to the well once too often, my friends.

250 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

WALT
She'll come draggin' her tail back home.

251 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER
She'll not be back. I reckon I'd be safe in promisin' you that.

252 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

WALT
Maybe she's just run off on a spree.

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
No!

WALT
Well, there's no harm in hopin'.

253 TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND ICEY

PREACHER
Ain't no sense in it, neither. I figured somethin' like this was brewin' when she went to bed last night.

(CONTINUED)

253 (CONTINUED)

ICEY
(all woman)
How?

PREACHER
She tarried around the kitchen after I'd gone up, and when I went downstairs to see what was wrong...

ICEY
(eagerly)
What!

PREACHER
She'd found this fruit jar of dandelion wine
(Icey touches him)
that the husband -- Harper -- had hid somewheres in the cellar.
(playing his ace)
She was drinking.

254 CLOSE SHOT - ICEY

ICEY is happy to let her mouth fall open and let out a gasp.

255 CLOSE SHOT - WALT

Sniffling.

256 THREE-SHOT - PREACHER, ICEY, WALT

PREACHER
I tried to save her.

ICEY
I know you did, Reverend. Oh, I know how you tried!

PREACHER
The devil wins sometimes!

257 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER
(eyes upturned)
Can't nobody say I didn't do
my best to save her!

DISSOLVE TO:

258 CLOSE UNDERWATER SHOT (TANK)

We PAN, with slowly streaming weeds, and bring in WILLA in close profile; the current, coming from behind her, drifts her long hair across her throat.

259 MEDIUM SHOT - WILLA AND CAR

She is in profile as before -

260 CLOSE SHOT - A BAITED HOOK

It descends, and catches on the windshield, and the line tautens; then tugs. We start to follow the line up.

261 CLOSE SHOT - ABOVE WATER - THE LINE

We continue to follow the line up, and bring in, close, the stern of BEN HARPER'S skiff.

262 MEDIUM SHOT - UNCLE BIRDIE

He sits back, tugging unconcernedly at the line. Then he leans over to see what's wrong.

263 CLOSE SHOT - BIRDIE

...as he peers over side.

264 DOWN-SHOT - FULL SHOT OF CAR AND WILLA; BIRDIE'S VIEWPOINT

265 CLOSE SHOT - BIRDE, HORROR-STRICKEN

266 MOVING UNDERWATER SHOT - WILLA

We hear PREACHER'S voice o.s., singing:

PREACHER O.S.
Leaning! Leaning! Safe and secure from all alarms!

Meanwhile we move vertically DOWNWARD TOWARDS HER FACE, serene in death. We may or may not glimpse the gashed throat, through drifting hair.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

267 EXT. HARPER HOME - FULL SHOT - THE HOUSE AND TREE

PREACHER leans against the tree; he continues singing:

PREACHER
Leaning! Leaning! Leaning on the Everlasting Arms!
(seductively)
CHILDREN!

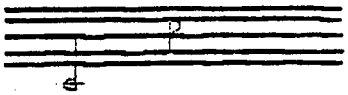
268 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - PREACHER

We start moving before he does. LOW CAMERA; full figure. We TILT to frame him from the waist downward and follow close behind him. As he leaves the tree and walks along the side of the house; we TILT DOWNWARD and CLOSE IN, to follow only his feet; he steps past a tiny cellar window and we PAN AND TIGHTEN IN CLOSE ON IT, into -

269 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

Their noses are flat against the glass; their cheeks touch; their window isn't quite big enough to hold both their heads. It is on the ground; we don't see their chins. They look towards the departed PREACHER.

PREACHER'S VOICE (O.S.)



Chill - dren?

PEARL, who is on the side PREACHER has left by, turns her head towards JOHN.

270 INT. CELLAR - MED. CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

They are standing on a coal heap, faces at window.

PEARL
John, why do we have to hide?

JOHN has taken charge. He speaks very quietly, but calmly and cheerfully, as to an invalid. He starts down the rustling coal-heap, helping PEARL down.

JOHN
Careful...

The following dialogue as they climb down, making as little noise as possible.

We PULL slowly away.

PEARL
Where's Mom?

JOHN
She's gone to Moundsville.

PEARL
To see Dad?

JOHN
Yes, I reckon that's it.

They have achieved the cellar floor.

PREACHER'S VOICE
(more peremptorily outside)
Children!

During the following dialogue we hear, o.s., the opening of a door, and PREACHER'S footsteps indoors as he crosses floor, climbs stairs, and opens another door.

JOHN
Someone is after us, Pearl.

PEARL
I want to go upstairs. It's cold and spidery down here. I'm hungry.

JOHN
Now listen to me, Pearl. You and me is runnin' off tonight.

(CONTINUED)

270 (CONTINUED)

PEARL
Why?

JOHN
If we stay here somethin' awful will happen to us.

PEARL
Won't Daddy Powell take care of us?

JOHN
No, that's just it. No.

271 FULL SHOT - A ROOM UPSTAIRS

PREACHER looks under the bed.

272 RESUME CELLAR TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

PEARL
Where are we goin', John?

JOHN
Somewheres. I don't know yet.

O.S., PREACHER'S footsteps come down stairs; JOHN leads PEARL carefully past a rake, a hoe, and a shelf-prop and they crouch down into -

273 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

...beside an apple barrel. PREACHER'S footsteps cross kitchen o.s.

PEARL
I'm hungry, John.

JOHN
We'll steal somethin' to eat.

PEARL
It'll spoil our supper.

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
Pearl?

Both look sharp towards cellar door o.s.

274 THE CELLAR DOOR - CHILDREN'S VIEWPOINT

The door opens; PREACHER'S head, carrying a candle in a holder; a whitewashed wall and stairs are lighted.

PREACHER'S VOICE
I hear you whisperin', children, so I know you're down there. I can feel myself gettin' awful mad, children.

275 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

PEARL
(whispering)
John...

JOHN claps his hand over her mouth.

276 CELLAR DOOR

PREACHER'S VOICE
My patience has run out, children. I'm comin' to find you now.

He clop-clops nearly to the bottom of the stairs. ICEY'S voice cuts cheerfully across his descent.

ICEY O.S.
(calling)
Yoo-Hooooo! Mis-ter Paow-welll!

He goes up the stairs and vanishes. Light on wall through open door to kitchen.

ICEY'S VOICE
Just a little hot supper I fixed for you and the children.

PREACHER'S VOICE
Bless you, bless you!

ICEY'S VOICE
And how are the children?

PREACHER'S VOICE
They're down there playin' games in the cellar and they won't mind me when I call 'em. I'm at my wit's end, Miz Spoon.

(CONTINUED)

276 (CONTINUED)

ICEY clucks her tongue o.s.

ICEY'S VOICE
(yelling)
John: Pearl:

She appears at head of stairs. Her voice crackles with authority.

ICEY
John: Pearl: shake a leg!
(she claps her hands sharply)

277 FULL SHOT - THE DARK CELLAR - OVER ICEY

ICEY (continuing)
I won't have you worryin' poor Mister Powell another minute!

A short pause; then the children, covered with coal-dust, emerge into the light and climb the stairs. JOHN'S head is hung in defeat. As they enter the kitchen we PULL BACK.

ICEY
Just look at you! Dust and filth from top to toe!

278 GROUP SHOT - THE CHILDREN, OVER PREACHER AND ICEY

ICEY
Want me to take 'em up and wash 'em good?

PREACHER
Thank you, no. Thank you, dear Icey. I'll tend to them. Thank you.

ICEY pats JOHN'S head.

279 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

ICEY'S VOICE
Don't be too hard on 'em, Reverend. Poor motherless children.

(CONTINUED)

279 (CONTINUED)

JOHN looks to PEARL and we PAN HER IN as PREACHER'S hand named LOVE moves through her locks. We PAN with PREACHER and ICEY as they move towards the door.

ICEY
Remember now Mister Powell, don't be afraid to call on us. Good night.

280 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He watches ICEY leave, o.s.

PREACHER O.S.
Good night Mrs. Spoon, and thank you again.

281 FULL SHOT - PREACHER AND ICEY

ICEY goes away along path outside. PREACHER, his back to us, watches her a moment, then turns.

PREACHER
Weren't you afraid, my little lambs, down there in all that dark?

282 HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN

Wondering what to do next.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

283 CLOSE SHOT - BIRDIE, OVER BESS'S PICTURE

We begin with HEAD CLOSE-UP of BIRDIE as he rocks, and PULL BACK:

He is rocking; and drunk. A bottle stands beside the picture. He turns and speaks to the picture.

BIRDIE
They'll think it was me! They'll think it was old Uncle Birdie!

284 CLOSE SHOT - BIRDIE - NEW ANGLE

His hands grip the edge of the chest on either side of the picture, which we now see.

BIRDIE
If you'd o' seen it, Bess! I'm drunk as a lord and I know it, but...

285 INSERT - BESS'S PICTURE

BIRDIE'S VOICE O.S.
(continuing)
...Sweet Heaven, if you'd o' seen it!

286 RESUME PREVIOUS SHOT

BIRDIE picks up the bottle. His hand and the liquor tremble.

BIRDIE (continuing)
Down there in the deep place... her hair wavin' lazy and soft like meadow grass under flood waters and that slit in her throat just like she had an extry mouth.

287 INSERT - BESS'S PICTURE

BIRDIE'S VOICE O.S.
And there ain't a mortal human I can tell but you...

288 RESUME PREVIOUS SHOT

BIRDIE (continuing)
...Bess, for if I go to the Law they'll hang it on to me.

The bottle falls from his hand onto its side on the edge of the chest.

289 CLOSE SHOT - BIRDIE - NEW ANGLE

The reverse angle of the opening shot. BIRDIE rocks heavily; liquor gurgles from bottle to floor.

(CONTINUED)

289 (CONTINUED)

BIRDIE
Sweet Heaven save poor old Uncle Birdie!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

290 MEDIUM THREE-SHOT - PREACHER, JOHN, PEARL

PREACHER sits at head of table. JOHN stands to PREACHER'S right, around corner of table; he remains expressionless and immobile, until he speaks. PEARL stands to JOHN'S right, hugging the DOLL. The table is loaded with good food.

PREACHER, well-fed and at leisure, dabs his mouth delicately with his napkin, folds it, puts it in a ring, and folds his hands. He waits.

PEARL
(at last)
I'm hungry.

PREACHER
Why, sure. And there's fried chicken and candied sweets and cornsticks and apple cobbler!

PEARL
Can I have my supper please?

PREACHER
Naturally.

PEARL
Can I have milk too?

PREACHER
Yes. But first of all we'll have a little talk.

PEARL frowns and puts her finger in her mouth; she remembers he twisted her arm.

PREACHER
(softly)
About our secrets.

PEARL
No.

(CONTINUED)

290 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
Why, pray tell?

PEARL
Because John said I mustn't.

291 THREE-SHOT - REVERSE - PREACHER, OVER NECKS OF CHILDREN

He slaps the table; his eyes crackle.

PREACHER
NEVER -- MIND -- WHAT -- JOHN -- SAID!

PEARL starts to snivel.

PREACHER
John is a meddler. Stop sniveling. Looky here a minute!

He brings out the knife.

PREACHER
Know what this is?

PEARL shakes her head for no.

PREACHER
Want to see something cute? Looky now!

He touches the spring; the blade flicks open.

PREACHER
How about that!

This is what I use on meddlers.

He lays the open knife on the table.

PREACHER
John might be a meddler.

292 THREE-SHOT - THE CHILDREN, OVER PREACHER

PEARL thinks the knife is a toy and crosses behind JOHN to pick it up.

(CONTINUED)

292 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
No - no, my lamb. Don't touch it! Now don't touch my knife! That makes me mad. Very, very mad.

She hugs the DOLL and he puts the hand named LOVE on her curls.

PREACHER
Just tell me now; where's the money hid?

PEARL
(affectionately)
But I swore. I promised John I wouldn't tell.

293 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER
JOHN - DOESN'T - MATTER! Can't I get that through your head, you poor, silly, disgusting little wretch!

294 HEAD CLOSE-UP - PEARL

Her mouth quivers; a large tear brims in her eyes.

295 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER
There now! You made me lose my temper!

296 THREE-SHOT - CHILDREN, OVER PREACHER

PREACHER
I'm sorry! I'm real sorry!

PEARL sniffles and wipes her eyes with her free fist.

PREACHER
(in a caressing tone)
Now! Where's it hid, honey?

(CONTINUED)

296 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
(suddenly and lightly)
I'll tell.

297 THREE-SHOT - PREACHER, OVER NAPES OF CHILDREN

PREACHER
(lightly)
I thought I told you to keep your mouth shut --

JOHN
(light and quick)
NO, - it ain't fair to make Pearl tell when she swore she wouldn't. I'll tell.

PREACHER'S eyes crinkle and he turns to PEARL, smiling brightly.

PREACHER
(chuckling)
Well I declare! Sometimes I think poor John will make it to heaven yet!

His eyes snap back to JOHN and his voice is like a whip.

PREACHER
All right boy: where's the money?

298 HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN

JOHN
In the cellar. Buried under a stone in the floor.

299 THREE-SHOT - PREACHER OVER CHILDREN

He closes and pockets the knife. His eyes never leave JOHN'S.

PREACHER
It'll go hard, boy, if I find you're lyin'.

300 THREE-SHOT - CHILDREN, OVER PREACHER

PEARL gapes up at JOHN as he speaks.

JOHN
I ain't lyin'. Go look for yourself.

301 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

...as he gets up, cellar door in BACKGROUND.

PREACHER
All right...
(he turns towards the door; then glances around)
Come along.

302 HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN

JOHN
What?

303 THREE-SHOT - PREACHER, OVER CHILDREN

PREACHER
Go ahead of me - the both of you.

They cross him, towards the door.

304 FULL SHOT - THE CELLAR STEPS - FROM THE BOTTOM

The CHILDREN precede PREACHER, who carries a candle in holder. PEARL is gaping at JOHN'S lie. JOHN is looking left and right, casing the joint.

PREACHER (continuing)
You don't reckon I'd leave you.

JOHN
(with forced lightness)
Don't you believe me?

PREACHER
(sardonically)
Why sure, boy, sure.

(CONTINUED)

304 (CONTINUED)

Now they are at bottom of stairs. JOHN sees PEARL'S expression and takes her hand.

PREACHER
Now where, boy? Mind; no tricks. I can't abide liars.

JOHN
Yonder.

He squeezes PEARL'S hand harder, and points.

305 FULL SHOT - NEW ANGLE - OVER THE THREE

JOHN points out a place beneath a shelf laden with Mason jars; it is at the most distant part of the cellar from the stairs.

PREACHER starts towards it, leaving them at foot of stairs, then turns, catching JOHN'S ruse.

PREACHER
(sardonic)
O no you don't!

He shepherds them ahead of him.

306 THREE-SHOT - NEW ANGLE

They arrive beneath the shelf.

PREACHER
Now: Where?

JOHN
(lying magnificently, meeting Preacher's eyes)
Under the stone in the floor.

PREACHER sets the candle on a barrel near the shelf-prop and sinks to his knees below-shot as PEARL gapes at JOHN and JOHN looks stony. She seems about to speak.

307 FLASH INSERT - JOHN SQUEEZES PEARL'S HAND HARD

308 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER, FEATURING FLOOR

His hands sweep dust and expose concrete. He straightens on his knees and turns to the children in close BACKGROUND.

309 HEAD CLOSE-UP - PREACHER

...as he turns.

PREACHER
This is concrete.

310 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

A moment's silence.

PEARL
John made a Sin. John told a lie.

311 THREE-SHOT - FAVORING PREACHER

PREACHER gets slowly to his feet and puts on his "listening" look. His sincerity is beyond doubt.

PREACHER
The Lord's a-talkin' to me now. He's a-sayin', "a liar is an abomination before mine eyes."

He takes his knife out, and springs it open.

312 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - FAVORING JOHN

PREACHER
Speak, boy: Where's it hid?
(the knife pricks the flesh under John's ear)
Speak, before I cut your throat and leave you to drip like a hog hung up in butcherin' time!

313 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL

She starts to sob.

314 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PREACHER

JOHN
Pearl, shut up! Pearl, you swore!

PREACHER
You could save him, little bird.

315 HEAD CLOSE-UP - PEARL

PEARL
(crying)
Inside my doll! Inside my doll!

316 TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PREACHER, FAVORING PREACHER

PREACHER is astounded. His hands fall away from JOHN. He leans back against the wall and talks through laughter.

PREACHER
In the doll! Why sure! Sure!

317 HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN

His eyes are all over the place.

PREACHER'S VOICE (O.S.)
The last place anyone would look!

318 THREE-SHOT - PREACHER, JOHN, PEARL

PREACHER makes a lunge across JOHN for the doll; JOHN ducking under his arm, pulls PEARL forward with his left hand; he turns backwards and with his free hand, in one movement, knocks over the candle and pulls out the support on the shelf.

319 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

Jars shower over him; one crowns him and breaks, shedding guck, which he wipes from his eyes.

320 TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

They start up the stairs.

321 FULL SHOT - PREACHER

He makes one step forward, steps on a rolling jar, and falls.

322 TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

They are near the top of the stairs. We hear PREACHER below them. JOHN slips and they nearly fall backward. As JOHN recovers, PREACHER enters the shot, his back to us. The children get through the open door as PREACHER reaches top. JOHN slams the door, catching PREACHER'S hand. PREACHER screams. JOHN'S astonished eyes peer through the crack in the door; the door loosens; PREACHER yanks his hand loose and sucks it, groaning; the door slams to; the bolt is shot home.

323 HEAD CLOSE-UP - PREACHER

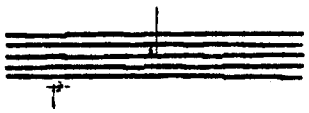
...over sound of slamming bolt. He snarls like the Big Bad Wolf.

All the above happens at once.

324 INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL, BY DOOR

PEARL, dangling her doll, cries. JOHN panting, leans against wall by door. JOHN is wondering what to do now. Pause.

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
(sweetly)



Chilll - dren?

PREACHER'S VOICE (continuing)
The only reason I wanted that money is so's you could have it.

JOHN
(to himself; panting)
The River. That's the only where! Uncle Birdie Steptoe!

PREACHER'S VOICE
(cooing)
Puhr-urrl? Want your Mommy back?
(Pearl hugs her doll)
Want me to get her right now?

(CONTINUED)

324 (CONTINUED)

PEARL
(sharply)
John?

JOHN
Hush, Pearl. Come on.

They fly out of the house.

PREACHER'S VOICE
(bellowing, as they go)
OPEN THAT DOOR, YOU SPAWN OF THE DEVIL'S OWN STRUMPET!

325 FRAMING SHOT - EXT. THE HARPER HOUSE

A pretty, pastoral shot of the house in light mist, as they run across and leave the shot. Before they disappear, we hear PREACHER'S fists hammering against the door. We stay on the house at leisure; we hear him lunging, shoulder to door; we begin to hear squeaking of hinges and splintering of wood.

326 FULL CIRCLE SHOT - FRAMING BIRDIE'S WHARF-BOAT

An ultra romantic image of shelter and peace. Frogs or river noises O.S., then the rattle of running footsteps. The children center, their backs to us, sprinting towards the boat. Light mist as in previous shot.

JOHN
(calling)
Uncle Birdie! Uncle Birdie!

327 INT. BIRDIE'S BOAT - GROUP SHOT - BIRDIE AND CHILDREN

We shoot over BESS'S turned photograph and over BIRDIE, close, passed out in his rocker. The children run through open door in BACKGROUND and JOHN runs up to BIRDIE.

JOHN
Uncle Birdie!

328 CLOSE SHOT - BIRDIE

BIRDIE
(gesturing feebly)
Don't!

329 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - NEW ANGLE - BIRDIE, OVER JOHN

JOHN
Hide us Uncle Birdie! He's a-comin' with his knife!

He grabs BIRDIE'S shoulder; BIRDIE half-rises, and falls face down on floor.

330 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - BIRDIE ON FLOOR, OVER JOHN

JOHN
It's me! John Harper and Pearl! You said to come a-runnin' if we needed you!

BIRDIE rears on one elbow and looks up at him.

BIRDIE
(in friendly recognition)
Johnny!

He falls face down again.

331 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - NEW ANGLE - FAVORING JOHN

JOHN grabs BIRDIE by one ear, turning his face up.

JOHN
Uncle -- Birdie! Oh -- please! Please wake up!

332 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - FAVORING BIRDIE

He looks up earnestly at JOHN.

BIRDIE
I never done it, boy. Sweet Heaven I never done such a terrible thing! I'll swear on the Book to it, boy! I never done it! I never!

JOHN stands up into:

333 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He is lost; and he becomes a man.

(CONTINUED)

333 (CONTINUED)

BIRDIE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Lord save poor old Uncle Birdie Steptoe that never hurt a fly!
(he snores, softly)

JOHN
(quiet)
There's still the river. -- The skiff is down by the willows.

He masterfully takes PEARL by the hand and leads her into the night.

334 LONG SHOT - THE CHILDREN

We shoot from the river. They struggle through the sumac and pokeberry bushes at edge of river, towards skiff, whose prow, tethered to willow, we see throughout this un-moving shot, at our extreme right. When they come opposite skiff - which is a few yards out from shore - we CUT TO:

335 TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

PEARL, frankly bored, dangling her doll, is yawning. JOHN, as he finishes undoing rope from a willow root, looks up and around, checking on pursuit. His eyes fix.

336 FULL SHOT - PREACHER'S SHADOW

On the bank above, it is huge in the mist. Same camera position as foregoing; new angle.

337 TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

BACK view: skiff in BACKGROUND. Same camera position; new angle.

JOHN
(whispering)
Please be quiet -- Oh <u>please</u>, Pearl!

(CONTINUED)

337 (CONTINUED)

PEARL
(natural voice)
John, where are we g--

JOHN
Hush.

338 FULL SHOT - SHADOW, THEN PREACHER

Same position and angle as before.

PREACHER'S own figure advances to supplant his shadow. He peers downward, his open knife catching the light.

PREACHER
(businesslike)
Children:

He starts slashing his way down through the brush-filth.

339 FULL SHOT - THE CHILDREN

Same camera position as before. They are floundering through mud, half-way to the skiff.

340 FULL SHOT - PREACHER

Same position and angle as in previous shot of him. He is half-way down the bank. With his knife, he hacks at an entangling vine.

341 FULL SHOT - THE CHILDREN

Position and angle as before. They reach the skiff. Hacking sounds O.S.

JOHN
Get in the skiff, Pearl, goodness, goodness, <u>hurry</u>!

PEARL
(hesitant)
That's <u>Daddy</u>!

He picks her up and throws her into the skiff.

342 CLOSE SHOT - PEARL AND DOLL

...as they land, sprawling, in bottom of skiff among fish-heads and bait cans. JOHN gets in after them.

343 FULL SHOT - PREACHER - CHILDREN'S V.P.

He tears free of brush to edge of river, knife glittering.

344 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

With his oar, he tries to push the boat free of mud.

345 FULL SHOT - PREACHER - CHILDREN'S V.P.

He wades towards them, knee-deep in mud.

346 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He is shoving at the oar even more desperately.

347 INSERT - JOHN'S HANDS

Straining.

348 FULL SHOT - PREACHER - CHILDREN'S V.P.

He flounders deeper and more heavily through the mud; much closer.

349 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He pushes the boat free of mud.

350 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER - CHILDREN'S V.P.

He hurries much closer through shallow water. Prow of boat in FOREGROUND.

PREACHER
Wait, you little whelps! Wait!

Another step forward and he does a pratt-fall and makes a splash.

351 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN - PEARL IN BACKGROUND

He is trying to feather the boat out to where the current will catch it. In panic and haste he is clumsy.

JOHN
Why can't I do it when I know how to do it!

352 FULL SHOT - PREACHER

...as he gets up, at edge of mud.

PREACHER
Wait! Wait! I'll slit your guts!

353 FULL DOWN-SHOT - THE SKIFF, THEN PREACHER

The current catches it and spins it round like a leaf. JOHN'S efforts with the oar are useless. PREACHER enters, wading fast. His hands are within an inch of reaching the helpless skiff; capriciously the current takes it downstream.

354 TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL

The skiff is taken steadily by the current. PEARL sits up, doll in arms. JOHN is almost asleep with exhaustion.

355 FULL SHOT - THE SKIFF, OVER PREACHER

It is well away from him and getting smaller. Waist-deep, he wades a couple of steps after it, then just looks.

356 HEAD CLOSE-UP - PREACHER

He begins a steady, rhythmical, animal scream of outrage and loss.

357 LONG SHOT - THE RIVER AND LANDSCAPE, FEATURING STARLIGHT; AND THE DRIFTING BOAT

358 TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

JOHN is asleep. PEARL sits sleepily whispering to her doll.

(CONTINUED)

358 (CONTINUED)

PEARL
Once upon a time there was a pretty fly, and he had a wife, this pretty fly....

359 MEDIUM LONG SHOT - THE DRIFTING BOAT THROUGH FIREFLIES

PEARL'S VOICE O.S.
...and one day she flew away, and then one night his two pretty fly children...

360 SPECIAL SHOT - THE MOVING SKIFF, THROUGH DEW-JEWELED SPIDER-WEB

PEARL'S VOICE O.S.
(continuing)
...flew away too, into the sky, into the moon...

361 SPECIAL SHOT - A FROG, AND SKIFF

A big frog is profiled; the skiff drifts by in distance; the frog twangs out a bass-note.

362 HIGH HELICOPTER SHOT - THE MOONLIT RIVER (DAY FOR NIGHT) - CENTERING THE SKIFF, PULLING UP AND AWAY

DISSOLVE TO:

363 INSERT - A PICTURE POSTCARD - A COUNTY COURTHOUSE

As the card is turned to the handwritten side we CUT TO:

364 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - WALT AND ICEY

WALT
(reading aloud)
Dear Walt and Icey: I bet you been worried and gave us up for lost. Took the kids down here with me for a visit to my sister Elsie's farm. Thot a little change of scenery would do us
(continued)

(CONTINUED)

364 (CONTINUED)

WALT (cont'd)
all a world of good after so much trubble and heartache. At least the kids will git a plenty of good home cooking.

Your devoted Harry Powell

ICEY
Now ain't you relieved, Walt?

WALT
Sure, but you was worried too, Mother; takin' off with never a word of goodbye. I even got to figurin' them gypsies busted in and done off with all three of 'em.

ICEY
You and your gypsies! They been gone a week!

WALT
Not before one of 'em knifed a farmer and stole his horse. Never caught the gypsies nor the horse.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

365 DESCENDING HELICOPTER SHOT - THE RIVER

A man is going along a river lane on horseback.

366 GROUND SHOT - THE MAN ON HORSEBACK

It is PREACHER; he walks the horse away from us.

DISSOLVE TO:

367 DESCENDING HELICOPTER SHOT - ANOTHER BEND OF THE RIVER

We descend to a poor riverside farmhouse; JOHN and PEARL tether a boat in front of it.

368 GROUP SHOT (FROM GROUND) - THREE HOMELESS CHILDREN, OVER JOHN AND PEARL

They are eating hot boiled potatoes. A glance at JOHN and PEARL, and they turn away towards lane in BACKGROUND. JOHN and PEARL proceed towards the house.

369 MED. SHOT - JOHN, PEARL, WOMAN, THROUGH DOOR

We shoot from within open door of kitchen. JOHN and PEARL advance to edge of porch. A Tired Farm Woman stands by door, within. We shoot OVER her.

TIRED FARM WOMAN
Hungry, I s'pose. Well, I'll see if there's any more potatoes to spare. Where's your folks?

JOHN
Ain't got none.

She leaves the shot briefly; we HOLD on the CHILDREN. She re-enters and goes to them with a bowl of steaming potatoes. They take hands-ful, and make to eat.

TIRED FARM WOMAN
Go 'way; go 'way.

They turn away and walk towards boat. She looks after them.

TIRED FARM WOMAN
Such times, when youngins run the roads!

She leaves the SHOT. We frame them briefly, walking away, then:

DISSOLVE TO:

370 CLOSE SHOT - A PLACARD - NIGHT

It is lit by firelight. It reads:

PEACH-PICKERS WANTED

WEEKLY HIRE

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
An ungrateful child is an abomination...

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

371 GROUP SHOT - PREACHER AND MEN

PREACHER stands behind the flames; in FOREGROUND an OLD MAN sits profiled on a box. Other workers, all men, sit around fire.

PREACHER (continuing)
...before the eyes of God. The world is fast going to damnation because of impudent youngins a-flyin' in the face of Age.

Short silence, as the other men look at PREACHER without liking. Then the old man spits into the fire.

372 CLOSE SHOT - THE FLAMES

A spurt of steam as spit strikes.

373 CLOSE SHOT - A HOOT-OWL

...hooting.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

374 CLOSE SHOT - A TURTLE - NOONDAY

He comes down to water.

JOHN'S VOICE O.S.
They make soup out of them...

375 LONG SHOT - THE CHILDREN IN PASSING SKIFF

Full landscape in BACKGROUND.

JOHN (continuing)
...but I wouldn't know how to go about gettin' him open.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

376 LONG SHOT - CHILDREN AND SKIFF, OVER RABBITS IN GRASS

We shoot OVER two sitting rabbits as they watch, their ears up. The skiff passes. PEARL plays with doll. JOHN unsnarls line.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

377 FULL SHOT - THE CHILDREN AND SKIFF, FRAMED BY WILLOWS - TWILIGHT

The skiff passes. Baa-ing of sheep O.S.

378 MOVING SHOT - FROM RIVER - A SHEEP

The sheep bleats. We PAN in a big barn near the river, then a lighted house; willows along shore.

379 FULL SHOT - THE SKIFF - FROM THE BANK

JOHN re-sets his oar. They angle towards us for the shore.

JOHN
We're gonna spend a night on land.

380 UP-SHOT - THE CHILDREN, OVER THE MOORED SKIFF

...they reach top of the bank. Corner of barn and lighted window in BACKGROUND. Sounds of mouth-organ and girl singing O.S.

381 FULL SHOT - A LIGHTED WINDOW, THE SHADE DRAWN

A wire bird-cage hangs close to the shade, silhouetted. On the perch, a canary. Lullaby and mouth-organ continue O.S. After a moment the CHILDREN enter, backs to us, and stop, looking.

382 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - THE CHILDREN

Window-light on faces, song over. A moment.

PEARL
Are <u>we</u> goin' home, John?

(CONTINUED)

382 (CONTINUED)

JOHN

Ssh...

He turns, her hand in his. We PAN as they tiptoe towards the big, open door of barn; big open hayloft window above.

383 INT. ROOM - LOW TRACKING SHOT - THE CHILDREN

As they walk down aisle of barn we shoot them past bellies and legs of row of cows. Sounds of munching and soft lowing O.S. JOHN helps PEARL up a little ladder to the hayloft.

384 MEDIUM SHOT - THE CHILDREN, WINDOW

...as the CHILDREN bed down in hay, only legs visible, protruding into frame of window, which frames a middle-distant white lane beyond house, and a landscape. Whippoorwill O.S. A darkening of light.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

385 SAME SET-UP

The full moon is half-risen. Whippoorwill O.S.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

386 SAME SET-UP

The moon is well above the horizon. Whippoorwill O.S.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

387 SAME SET-UP

The moon is still higher. A pause; the whippoorwill stops in mid-phrase. Brief pause; then John sits up into silhouette.

388 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He listens intently. We hear nothing. His eyes alter. We hear, distantly:

(CONTINUED)

388 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER'S VOICE O.S.
(singing)
Leaning, Leaning...

At various distances O.S., we hear dogs barking at the sound of the singing.

PREACHER'S VOICE
(continuing; louder)
...safe and secure from all alarms;

The dog from the farm rushes braying to his gate. Other dogs continue O.S. PREACHER appears, astride his walking horse, singing.

PREACHER
Leaning...

389 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

Watching; dread and despair. Sounds go.

PREACHER O.S.
...Leaning; Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

390 FULL SHOT - PREACHER

He approaches and crosses center screen, continuing the hymn. (We do not PAN with him; he crosses the frame of the great window.)

391 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

Eyes following PREACHER. PREACHER and dogs continue O.S.

JOHN
(to himself)
Don't you never sleep?

392 FULL SHOT - PREACHER

He vanishes beyond trees, his singing more distant. Dogs continue.

393 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL - NEW ANGLE

He wakes her. PREACHER'S singing O.S.

JOHN
(scared whisper)
Pearl: wake up! Come on, Pearl!

394 FULL SHOT - PREACHER

He vanishes; scuttling of children in hay, O.S.; dogs quiet; his song dies. Brief silence. The whippoorwill resumes.

395 MEDIUM LONG SHOT - THE CHILDREN, NEAR BARN

Hand in hand, they hurry out of barn and, as we PAN, along its side, towards River, O.S. Whippoorwill O.S.

396 FULL SHOT - A BRIGHT FULL MOON

The whippoorwill's singing continues O.S.

397 FULL SHOT - CHILDREN AND SKIFF

JOHN steers through turbulent, moonlit water. Whippoorwill continues. Low moon --

398 CLOSE SHOT - A FOX, BARKING

399 CLOSE DOWN-SHOT - CHILDREN ASLEEP IN SKIFF (TANK)

Blank, calm water; the skiff enters and passes full length below us, the CHILDREN asleep in it; blank water again; again the fox barks.

400 MEDIUM SHOT - THE SKIFF, DRIFTING SHOT THROUGH RIVERSIDE GRASS

Crickets O.S. The skiff nears a sand-bar.

401 INSERT - THE PROW, GROUNDING

The prow softly grates against sand.

402 MEDIUM SHOT - THE GROUNDED SKIFF, AGAIN THROUGH GRASS

Crickets fainter. TILTING UPWARD.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

403 FULL SHOT - THE STARLIT SKY

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

404 FULL SHOT - RIVER LANDSCAPE - SUNRISE

Distant; medium; the near; roosters crow O.S.

405 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN WAKING

He looks to PEARL O.S.

406 FULL SHOT - PEARL, THEN RACHEL, OVER JOHN

PEARL is picking daisies. A fence up beyond her. Beyond the fence, a woman, RACHEL COOPER, appears. She carries a berry-basket on her arm. JOHN scrambles up, grabs an oar, and holds it defensively. PEARL freezes.

RACHEL
(loud)
You two youngsters get up here to me this instant!

407 TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND PEARL - RACHEL'S ANGLE

RACHEL O.S.
Mind me now!

JOHN lowers the oar at the female authority in her voice.

RACHEL O.S.
Now git on up to my house.

They hesitate.

408 THREE-SHOT - OVER JOHN

RACHEL
I'll git me a willow switch.

(CONTINUED)

408 (CONTINUED)

They still hesitate. She breaks off a switch and comes for them, squishing through the mud. She surrounds them and drives them like geese up the bank.

409 LOW FULL SHOT - THE THREE, FROM SIDE

They move across the meadow like a nursery fireze. She tweaks with her switch. As she goes near PEARL'S calves, JOHN turns.

JOHN
Don't you hurt her!

RACHEL
Hurt her nothin'! Wash her's more like it!
(hand to mouth, yelling)
Ruby!

410 FULL SHOT - A TOMATO PATCH

Three crouching figures pick tomatoes beyond a low white fence; Rachel's house in background. RUBY, thirteen, pops her head up like a rifle-target.

RACHEL O.S.
Clary!

Clary, eleven, pops up.

RACHEL O.S.
Mary!

Mary, four, pops up.

THE GIRLS
(in chorus)
Yes Miz Cooper!

411 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND HARPERS, MOVING TOWARDS FENCE

She has JOHN and PEARL by their napes.

RACHEL
Bring yer baskets.

The three girls enter, their backs to us, carrying baskets of tomatoes.

412 GROUP SHOT - THE GIRLS, OVER RACHEL AND HARPER CHILDREN

She holds JOHN and PEARL very firmly, inspecting baskets, across gate of fence.

RACHEL
Nicely picked, Clary. Mary; put the big ones on top. Ruby, most o' them ain't fit to go to market. Put them baskets down. Ruby, fetch the wash-tub and put it by the pump. Mary, Clary, fetch me a bar o' laundry soap and the scrub brush.

GIRLS
(in chorus)
Yes Miz Cooper!

They hurry off.

RACHEL
Come on, now; up to the house.

She opens the gate, pushes the Harper children through, shuts the gate, and walks between them, her back to us. The children hesitate. She turns to them and stops.

413 THREE-SHOT - THE CHILDREN, OVER RACHEL

She looks them up and down. If we saw her face, her lips would be pursed and working with anger.

RACHEL
Gracious! If you hain't a sight to beat all! Where you from?

No answer; their eyes are wide with curiosity.

RACHEL
Where's your folks?

414 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

RACHEL O.S.
Speak up now!

His eyes go down to her feet. He, and we, start to examine her from foot to head; for this is our heroine at last.

415 CLOSE TILTING SHOT - RACHEL

...from JOHN'S eye-level. We TILT SLOWLY UP her height. She wears man's shoes, heavy with mud; a rough skirt; a shapeless sweater hangs over her shoulders; she is in her middle sixties and wears a man's old hat. Her face says:

RACHEL
(sort of roughly)
Gracious! So I've got two more mouths to feed!

416 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

For no reason at all he feels he has come home.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

417 GROUP SHOT - JOHN, PEARL, RACHEL, RUBY, DURING WASHING

RACHEL mercilessly scrubs JOHN; JOHN doesn't like it; RUBY washes PEARL with a cloth.

418 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

Hating the scrubbing. He breaks away.

419 FULL SHOT - JOHN AND RACHEL

JOHN dodges behind a bush, RACHEL in hot pursuit.

420 CLOSE SHOT - THE BUSH; RACHEL

RACHEL'S head bobs up and down above the bush; we hear the unmistakable sound of a female hand on a child's bottom.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

421 FULL SHOT - A SHELF, FULL OF MARKET BASKETS, NEATLY COVERED WITH DAMP MUSLIN

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

422 FULL SHOT - THE CARRIED BASKETS IN MOTION

423 EXT. MOUNDSVILLE STREET - TRACKING SHOT - RACHEL AND HER BROOD

All carry baskets. RACHEL charges along at the head of the procession. A CATTLE DEALER strolls the other way.

CATTLE DEALER
Howdy Miz Cooper - you goin' to sell me yer hog this year?

RACHEL doesn't stop walking.

RACHEL
With the price o' pork what it is?

424 CLOSE TRACKING SHOT - RACHEL

She keeps walking.

RACHEL
(talking to herself)
I'm butcherin' my hog myself, smokin' the hams, and cannin' the sausage.
(she calls to children over her shoulder)
You-all have your work cut out!

425 CLOSE TRACKING TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND CLARY IN MID-PROCESSION

JOHN
She talks to herself.

CLARY
All the time.

JOHN
Your Maw's funny.

CLARY
She ain't our Maw. We just live at her house.

They walk in silence.

JOHN
Where's your folks?

(CONTINUED)

425 (CONTINUED)

CLARY
Some place.

MARY
My Daddy's in Dee-troit.

JOHN
(to Ruby)
Who's your folks?

RUBY
I dunno.

426 FULL SHOT - THE STREET

A WAITRESS, wearing an apron labeled EMPIRE EATS, hurries across the street towards the GROUP. We PAN her in to MARY. The procession halts briefly. She embraces MARY.

WAITRESS
Mary! Honey! Mornin' Miz Cooper.
(to Mary)
Guess what! I'm savin' up to buy ye a charm barcelet!

427 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL
Never mind the gewgaws; don't you miss your visit this Sunday; and come to Church with us.

428 FULL STREET SHOT

The WAITRESS hurries away. She dodges past a car.

WAITRESS
See ye Sunday, love!

429 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

She follows WAITRESS, then LOVERS in car, with her eyes.

430 FULL STREET SHOT

The car CENTERS, held up in traffic; two lovers in it, sitting close.

431 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

She takes in the LOVERS.

RACHEL
Women is durn fools! All of 'em!

She signs, angry at all women, herself included, and turns away. We are at the door of a GROCERY STORE. The GROCER is on his doorstep..

432 FULL SHOT - GROUP AND GROCERY

RACHEL
(to children)
Take yer baskets in.

The CHILDREN file in past her and GROCER.

RACHEL
(to Grocer)
Looky there.
(she indicates the lovers)
She'll be losin' her mind to a tricky mouth and a full moon, and like as not I'll be saddled with the consequences.

She starts into store with the GROCER.

433 INT. STORE - GROUP SHOT - RACHEL, GROCER, CHILDREN

RACHEL and GROCER come up to counter.

RACHEL (continuing)
(she takes a list from her bosom and gives it to Grocer)
Here's what you owe me.
(she counts baskets)
One, two, three, four, five... where's the other basket? Where's Ruby?

(CONTINUED)

433 (CONTINUED)

CLARY
She went.

RACHEL
John: you go fetch Ruby.
(John goes. As Grocer empties baskets and tots up, Rachel continues:)
Big Ruby's my problem girl. She can't gather eggs without bustin' 'em; but Ruby's got mother hands with a youngin, so what're you to say?

434 EXT. DRUG STORE - FULL SHOT - RUBY

She stands with her market-basket, reacting to wolf whistle O.S.; she is seeking the world.

435 THREE-SHOT - RUBY, OVER TWO YOUNG LOAFERS

1ST LOAFER
How 'bout tonight, Ruby?

RUBY gestures RACHEL'S nearness.

2ND LOAFER
(to 1st)
What gives?

1ST LOAFER
The Old Lady's around.
(to Ruby)
How 'bout Thursday?

RUBY nods.

1ST LOAFER
(to 2nd)
The old gal thinks she comes in fer sewin' lessons o'-Thursday.

436 FULL SHOT - RUBY; JOHN IN B.G.

JOHN
(calling)
Miz Cooper wants you.

He turns and goes; RUBY, with an eye to 1ST LOAFER, turns and follows.

437 INT. GROCERY STORE - GROUP SHOT - CENTERING RACHEL

GROCER
(to Pearl)
And will you show me your dolly, little lady?

JOHN has entered in BACKGROUND. PEARL holds the doll to her, and JOHN moves in quietly to her side. They stand together, as so often before.

GROCER
See ye got <u>two</u> more peeps to your brood.

RACHEL
Yeah, and ornerier than the rest.

GROCER
How's your <u>own</u> boy, Miz Cooper?

RACHEL
Ain't heard from Ralph since last Christmas.

Don't matter -- I've got a new crop.
(she laughs. Loudly:)
I'm a strong tree with branches for many birds. I'm good for something in this old world and I know it, too!

Rachel laughs; we know that she will rout the Devil.

GROCER
(a good trades-man)
Got a good buy in soap, Miz Cooper.

RACHEL
(triumphant)
Don't need no soap. I'm boilin' down the fat from my hog.

DISSOLVE TO:

438 INT. RACHEL'S SCREENED PORCH - EVENING - GROUP SHOT - RACHEL, GIRLS, JOHN ASIDE

CENTERING RACHEL as she takes a book from table, and the GIRLS MOVE to set at her seat, and JOHN stands to one side. RACHEL glances at him.

439 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He looks suspiciously to the Book in her hands, for to him it has come to mean only Preacher.

440 INSERT - THE BIBLE

...as she opens it on her lap O.S. we hear a screen door opens.

441 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL, CHILDREN, JOHN IN BACKGROUND

We see the door closing as JOHN goes out. The girls sit on low stools in semi-circle at RACHEL'S feet. We CENTER RACHEL. RACHEL, keenly aware of JOHN, pretends to ignore him. JOHN crosses behind her and stands with his back to us. We see the back of his head through the screen. RACHEL, changing her mind about what story to tell, finds the new page she's after, and spreads her hands flat on the pages. She never glances at the text. She is fishing for JOHN.

RACHEL
Now old Pharoah, he was the King of Egyptland! And he had a daughter, and once upon a time
(louder)
she was walkin' along the river bank and she seen somethin' bumpin' and scrapin' along down on a sandbar under the willows.

442 CLOSE SHOT - THE BACK OF JOHN'S HEAD, IMMOBILE

RACHEL O.S.
And do you know what it was, children?

443 RESUME GROUP SHOT

RUBY, CLARY, MARY
(excited)
No!

PEARL
No!

RACHEL
(still loud)
Well, now, it was a skiff, washed up on the bar. And who do you reckon was in it?

RUBY
(confidently)
Pearl and John!

RACHEL
(still loud)
Not this time! It was just one youngin - a little boy babe. And do you know who he <u>was</u>, children?

444 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN'S HEAD

...as he turns around.

RUBY, MARY, CLARY, PEARL
(O.S. in unison)
No!

445 RESUME GROUP SHOT

RACHEL closes the Bible; she knows the Lord's battle is won. As she continues, she puts aside the book and takes up her mending.

RACHEL
(very quietly)
It was Moses! - A King of men, Moses, children. Now. Off to bed. Hurry.

On "off to bed," JOHN turns his back again.

446 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL; JOHN IN BACKGROUND

She mends for a few moments.

RACHEL
(commandingly)
John: git me an apple.

JOHN crosses behind her and off, towards door. We hear it open and close.

RACHEL
Git one for yourself, too.

447 MEDIUM SHOT - JOHN

He approaches with two apples. We PAN him into a:

448 TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND RACHEL

He gives her an apple. She immediately takes a bite. He doesn't bite his. She looks up at him from her apple.

RACHEL
(suddenly)
John: where's your folks?

JOHN
(plainly)
Dead.

RACHEL
Dead.
(she nods with finality)

JOHN starts to eat his apple.

RACHEL
Where ye from?

JOHN
Up river.

RACHEL
I didn't figger ye rowed that skiff from Parkersburg!

JOHN makes a move; he slowly and tenderly reaches out his hand and lays his fingers on her knuckles.

(CONTINUED)

448 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
Tell me that story again.

Our heroine would like to thank the Lord openly, but she knows she must not show her feelings; she speaks gruffly -

RACHEL
Story, honey? Why, what story?

JOHN
About them Kings. That the Queen found down on the sandbar in the skiff that time.

RACHEL
Kings! Why, honey, there was only one.

JOHN
I mind you said there was two.

RACHEL
Well, shoot! Maybe there was!

449 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

Maybe we see - though JOHN does not - the thanksgiving in her eyes.

RACHEL
Yes, come to think of it, there <u>was</u> two, John.

O.S., in distance, we hear the whistle of a river boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

450 EXT. MOUNDSVILLE STREET - EVENING - MOVING SHOT - RUBY

Her head and shoulders from behind as she walks down the neon-lighted street; drugstore and loafers in b.g.; jazz music O.S.

451 FULL SHOT - RUBY, OVER DRUGSTORE LOAFERS

Our two loafers lounge on a bench. RUBY approaches.

2ND LOAFER
(to 1st)
Hey. Must be Thursday.

(CONTINUED)

451 (CONTINUED)

1ST LOAFER
Here we go.

He gets up and starts towards RUBY, who catches his eye.

452 RUBY, FROM BEHIND

She turns to a magazine stand and fingers a magazine, awaiting LOAFER, who approaches in BACKGROUND.

452A INSERT - RUBY'S HAND; MAGAZINES

They are lurid, tawdry fan and pin-up magazines.

452B RESUME #452

PREACHER enters, between RUBY and LOAFER, and turns to RUBY into CLOSE TWO-SHOT. LOAFER pauses in BACKGROUND.

PREACHER
You're Ruby, ain't you, my child?

RUBY
Can I have this?

PREACHER
Surely. I'd like to talk to you, my dear.

RUBY
Will you buy me a choclit sody?

PREACHER
O' course.

LOAFERS
Watch out Preacher!
Why, Preacher!

PREACHER
(sternly)
Shet yer dirty mouths!

452C CLOSE SHOT - RUBY

She looks up at him admiringly; then to LOAFERS; back to PREACHER.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

453 INT. DRUGSTORE - CLOSE TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND RUBY

RUBY is finishing her soda.

RUBY
Ain't I purty?

This is a familiar clue to PREACHER.

PREACHER
Why, you're the purtiest girl I've seen in all my wandering. Didn't nobody never tell you that, Ruby?

RUBY
(hoarsely)
No. No one never did.

PREACHER
(moving in)
There's two new ones over at your place, ain't there Ruby?

She nods.

PREACHER
What's their names?

RUBY
Pearl and John.

PREACHER
Ahhh.
(whispering)
And is there - a doll?

RUBY
(nods)
Only she won't never let me play with it.

PREACHER
Ahh!

He gets up and heads for door. RUBY, dismayed, hurries after him.

PREACHER
(firmly)
Yes!

He strides through door, RUBY following.

454 THREE-SHOT - PREACHER AND RUBY ON SIDEWALK, 2ND LOAFER IN B.G. 1ST LOAFER HAS GONE

PREACHER comes out fast, RUBY touches his arm, he turns on her. They are in CLOSE TWO-SHOT. RUBY goes on tip-toe. PREACHER inclines his ear.

454A CLOSE SHOT - RUBY

RUBY
Did you ever see such purty eyes in all your born days?

454B CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

454C INSERT - PREACHER'S HAND

It slides into his knife pocket. We hear a click.

2ND LOAFER O.S.
Don't let him git away, Sugar!

454D THREE-SHOT - PREACHER AND RUBY, LOAFER IN B.G.

RUBY
He ain't like you-all! Next time I won't even ask him to buy me a sody!

She turns to PREACHER, but PREACHER, on "next time," has left the SHOT.

454E CLOSE SHOT - RUBY

She looks after him, clasping the magazine under her chin.

454F FULL SHOT - PREACHER

Her hero strides away into darkness.

454G CLOSE SHOT - RUBY

Gazing after him.

RUBY
I been bad!

DISSOLVE TO:

455 CLOSE DOWN-SHOT - THE MAGAZINE, OPEN, IN RACHEL'S LAP

We PULL UP and AWAY into:

455A TWO-SHOT - RACHEL, SEATED; RUBY STANDING BESIDE HER

RACHEL
Ruby, you didn't have no money to buy this.

RACHEL
You'll whip me!

RACHEL
When did I ever?

RUBY
This man down at the Drugstore...

RACHEL
The Drugstore?

RUBY
Miz Cooper. I never went to sewin' lessons all them times.

RACHEL
What you been up to?

RUBY
I been out with men.

RUBY collapses face down over RACHEL'S lap and sobs, as we TRACK IN CLOSE.

RACHEL
Dear God, child!

Now RACHEL also weeps. She bends low over RUBY, stroking her hair.

RACHEL
You was lookin' for love, Ruby, the only foolish way you knowed how.
(she lifts Ruby's face cheek to cheek beside her own)
We all need love.
Ruby, I lost the love of my son - I've found it with you-all.

They weep together.

(CONTINUED)

455A (CONTINUED)

RACHEL
You must grow up to be a fine, full woman; and I'm goin' to see to it you do.

She starts making up RUBY'S hair like that of a young woman.

RUBY
This gentleman warn't like <u>them</u>! He just give me a sody and the book.

RACHEL
Now who was this?

RUBY
He never asked me for nothin'.

RACHEL
He must have wanted <u>somethin'</u>, Ruby. A man don't waste time on a girl unless he gets <u>some-thing</u>.

RUBY shakes her head.

RACHEL
What'd you all talk about?

RUBY
Pearl and John.

RACHEL
John and Pearl!

RUBY nods.

RACHEL
Is he their Pap?

RUBY shrugs.

RACHEL
Why hasn't he been to the house?

DISSOLVE TO:

456 FULL SHOT - PREACHER ON HORSE ON ROAD

457 FULL FIGURE SHOT - RUBY

Seeing PREACHER, she drops two eggs.

(CONTINUED)

457 (CONTINUED)

RUBY
(shouting)
Miz Cooper!

RACHEL
(o.s. from within house)
What?

RUBY
The man! The man!

458 TRACKING SHOT - PREACHER

He tethers his horse and, as we PAN and TRACK on behind him, walks to the bottom of the steps; RUBY moves into side of SHOT: beyond PREACHER, RACHEL stands behind her screen door, hands folded under apron.

PREACHER
Mornin', ladies.

459 FULL FIGURE SHOT - RACHEL, BEHIND SCREEN

RACHEL
How'do.

460 FULL FIGURE SHOT - PREACHER

RACHEL'S VIEWPOINT, through screen.

461 FULL FIGURE SHOT - RACHEL, BEHIND SCREEN

PREACHER
You're Miz Cooper, I take it.

RACHEL
(coming through door)
It's about that John and that Pearl?

462 THREE-SHOT - PREACHER, RACHEL, RUBY IN BACKGROUND

PREACHER'S face twitches with emotion. He breaks out into great thankful sobs. He falls to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

462 (CONTINUED)

PREACHER
My little lambs! To think I never hoped to see them again in this world! Oh, dear Madam, if you was to know what a thorny crown I have borne in my search for these strayed chicks!

463 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

She takes him in. He doesn't take her in.

464 THREE-SHOT - AS BEFORE

RACHEL
Ruby, go fetch them kids.

RUBY minces off around the side of the house.

465 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER - RACHEL'S ANGLE

He wipes off tears with the heel of his left hand, watching her.

PREACHER
Ah, dear Madam, I see you're looking at my hands!

466 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

She is.

467 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER - AS BEFORE

He holds up the right hand.

PREACHER
Shall I tell ye the little story of Right-Hand-Left-Hand - the tale of Good and Evil?

468 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

PREACHER O.S.
It was with this left hand that old brother Cain struck the blow that laid his brother low --

(CONTINUED)

468 (CONTINUED)

RACHEL
(wanting to know)
Them kids is yours?

469 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

PREACHER
(recovering from
the interruption)
My flesh and blood!

470 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL
Where's your Missus?

471 TWO-SHOT - PROFILING RACHEL AND PREACHER

PREACHER gets to his feet.

PREACHER
She run off with a drummer one night. Durin' prayer-meetin'.

RACHEL
Where's she at?

PREACHER
Somewheres down river! Parkersburg, mebbe! - Cincinnati! - One of them Sodoms on the Ohio River.

RACHEL
She took them kids with her?

PREACHER
Heaven only knows what unholy sights and sounds those innocent little babes has heard in the dens of perdition where she dragged them!

472 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL
Right funny, hain't it, how they rowed all the way up river in a ten-foot john-boat!

473 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

...recovering, and by-passing it.

PREACHER
Are they well?

He turns his head.

474 FULL SHOT - RACHEL AND PREACHER, FROM SIDE

All the CHILDREN enter, around corner of house. As they move in, RACHEL replies:

RACHEL
A sight better than they was.

By now JOHN is on the top step beside RACHEL. One of his hands holds on to her skirt, as if he were pulling her towards him. His eyes never leave hers. All the CHILDREN freeze. PEARL is on ground, just beyond JOHN. Others in BACKGROUND; RUBY as near PREACHER as she can get.

PREACHER
Gracious, gracious! You are a good woman, Miz Cooper!

RACHEL
How you figgerin' to raise them two without a woman?

PREACHER
The Lord will provide.

PEARL, with a wail of happiness, drops the DOLL on the step and runs to PREACHER, who picks her up. JOHN instantly picks up the DOLL and holds it to him. He looks up at RACHEL.

475 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND RACHEL

JOHN looks deep into RACHEL'S eyes.

PREACHER O.S.
The Lord is merciful! What a day is this! --- And there's little John!

RACHEL
What's wrong, John?

(CONTINUED)

475 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
Nothin'.
(he smiles)

PREACHER O.S.
Come to me, boy!

RACHEL
What's wrong, John?

476 TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND PEARL

PREACHER
Didn't you hear me, boy?

477 TWO-SHOT - JOHN AND RACHEL

RACHEL bends a little over him. She wants the situation clarified.

RACHEL
John, when your Dad says 'come', you should mind him.

JOHN
He ain't my Dad.

478 HEAD CLOSE-UP - RACHEL

She takes this in; JOHN has sold her. She looks to PREACHER O.S.

RACHEL
He ain't no Preacher neither. I've seen Preachers in my time, an' some of 'em was saints on earth. A few was crookeder'n a dog's hind leg, but this 'un's got 'em all beat for badness.

She starts to turn.

479 GROUP SHOT

She walks purposefully into the house. PREACHER lunges for JOHN and the DOLL.

480 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - PREACHER AND JOHN

JOHN ducks under the porch and PREACHER tries to follow him. He can't get under. O.S. we hear the slam of the screen door. PREACHER'S head comes up to see and we TILT UP, shooting OVER the back of his head. RACHEL stands there, full figure, with a pump-gun.

RACHEL
Just march yourself yonder to your horse, Mister.

(CONTINUED)

480 (CONTINUED)

Back of PREACHER'S head is still immobile.

RACHEL
March, Mister! I'm not foolin'.

481 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER, OVER GUN-BARREL

PREACHER gets to his feet. The open knife is in his hand. As we see it, the gun-barrel twitches. PREACHER backs away towards his horse, bouncing the knife lightly in his hand.

PREACHER
(screaming)
You ain't done with Harry Powell yet! The Lord God Jehovah will guide my hand in vengeance! You devils! You Whores of Babylon! I'll come back when it's dark!

As he mounts his horse we

DISSOLVE TO:

482 FULL SHOT - RACHEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is dark. O.S. we hear PREACHER singing Leaning.

483 FULL FIGURE SHOT - RACHEL

She sits in profile, her gun across her knees. Song continues O.S.

484 FULL SHOT - THE CHILDREN, ASLEEP

...in a big bed. RUBY sits up, listening to song O.S.

485 FULL FIGURE SHOT - RACHEL, AS BEFORE

Song continues O.S. We PAN to PREACHER outside. We see him through window. He sits hunched on a stump.

486 FULL SHOT - THE HOUSE, OVER PREACHER

He continues singing.

487 HEAD PROFILE - RACHEL

After a moment we see her mouth open; and either to comfort herself or to drown out PREACHER'S voice, she joins in the hymn.

488 FULL SHOT - THE HOUSE - AS IN OPENING SHOT

A descending candle moves past a window; RACHEL and PREACHER sing O.S.

489 FULL SHOT - PREACHER ON STUMP

...over back of RACHEL'S head. The song ends. RUBY enters SHOT carrying a candle. Its light blacks out the window-glass. RACHEL looks up.

RACHEL
Moonin' around the house over that mad dog of a Preacher! Shame, Ruby!

She blows out the candle. We see through the window. PREACHER has gone.

490 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL
Merciful Heaven!

She stands up.

491 CLOSE TWO-SHOT - RACHEL AND RUBY

RACHEL
Ruby, get the children out of bed. Bring them all down here to the kitchen.

RUBY leaves the SHOT. RACHEL moves towards window. She puts her hand over her eyes.

RACHEL
Women is such fools!

The soft hoot of an owl O.S. RACHEL looks up.

492 CLOSE SHOT - AN OWL ON A BRANCH, LOOKING DOWN

493 CLOSE SHOT - A BABY RABBIT

494 CLOSE SHOT - THE OWL SPREADS HIS WINGS AND SWOOPS

495 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

Still for a second; then O.S., the scream of a rabbit.

RACHEL
It's a hard world for little things.

OVER this line we have heard the patter of feet down staircase. She turns.

496 GROUP SHOT - THE CHILDREN

They look at her with complete trust.

497 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL, OVER CHILDREN

RACHEL
(snapping)
Children, I got lonesome. I figgered we might play games.

PEARL and MARY jump up and down, patting their palms. RACHEL extends her hands and they gather close to her.

PEARL
Won't you tell us a story?

498 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL
I might:
(a swift furious glance into the moonlight)
I might tell A Story.

She sits down, the gun across her knees.

499 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

...as MARY and PEARL sit at her feet. RUBY stands beside RACHEL. JOHN stands near RACHEL.

CLARY
I'll light the lamp.

RACHEL
It's more fun hearin' stories in the dark.

CLARY sits at RACHEL'S feet.

500 CLOSE PANNING SHOT - JOHN

He is alert now. He moves in close beside RACHEL, whom we PAN into CLOSE TWO-SHOT with him, and presses the whole of his right arm against her arm. RACHEL registers quietly.

501 CLOSE GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

RACHEL
Well...mind what I told you about little Jesus and his Ma and Pa and how there was No Room at the Inn?

502 HEAD CLOSE-UP - RACHEL

Her eyes, sharp and glittering, look outside.

503 FULL SHOT - THE OUTSIDE, FEATURING EMPTY STUMP, RACHEL'S V.P.

504 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

She gets up, with gun; we PULL AWAY; in BACKGROUND, CHILDREN turn faces to keep watching her. She comes close to window, gun ready, CHILDREN in BACKGROUND.

RACHEL
Well now, there was this sneakin', no-'count, ornery King Herod!

She turns round and walks back to her chair; CHILDREN'S eyes always on her.

(CONTINUED)

504 (CONTINUED)

RACHEL
And he heard tell of this little King Jesus growin' up and old Herod figgered: Well, shoot! There sure won't be no room for the both of us!
(she sits down)
I'll just nip this in the bud.

504A GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN, FROM SIDE

RACHEL (continuing)
Well, he never knowed for sure which one of all them babies of the land was King Jesus.

504B HEAD CLOSE-UP - RACHEL

Her eyes glittering as she turns to look towards us.

504C RESUME SIDE GROUP SHOT

RACHEL gets up, with gun. Again we PULL AWAY, as faces of all CHILDREN in B.G. turn to watch her.

RACHEL
And so that cursed old King Herod figgered if he was to kill all the babies in the land, he'd be sure to get little Jesus.

Without speaking, she goes back to her chair.

504D FRONT GROUP SHOT

RACHEL
(more relaxed)
And when little King Jesus' Ma and Pa heard about that plan, what do you reckon they went and done?

CLARY
They hid in a broom closet!

MARY
They hid under the porch!

504E HEAD CLOSE-UP - JOHN

JOHN
No; they went a-runnin'.

505 TWO-SHOT - RACHEL AND JOHN

RACHEL
Well now, John, that's just what they done! They went a-runnin!

The clock starts striking three. RACHEL looks to sound O.S.

506 FULL SHOT - CLOCK AND HALL MIRROR, BEYOND DARK KITCHEN

In the mirror, a shadow ducks.

507 FULL GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

RACHEL gets up, gun at port, and faces into the darkness.

PREACHER O.S.
Figgered I was gone, eh?

Eyes on the darkness, she bends low to the CHILDREN.

RACHEL
(whispering)
Run hide in the staircase!
Run quick!

They scatter out of shot; RUBY lingers.

RACHEL
(without turning to her)
Ruby: git.

RUBY obeys in a trance. RACHEL, gun at ready, looks into the darkness.

508 FULL SCREEN - DARKNESS

Pause.

RACHEL (O.S.)
(in a high, steady voice)
What do you want?

PREACHER O.S.
Them kids!

RACHEL O.S.
What are you after them <u>for</u>?

PREACHER O.S.
None of your business, Madam.

RACHEL
I'm givin' <u>you</u> to the count of three to get out that screen door; then I'm a-comin' across this kitchen <u>shootin'</u>!

A stepped-on cat screams O.S. and PRACHER'S satanic face, and his hand lifting the open knife, rise swiftly from floor.

509 FULL FIGURE SHOT - RACHEL - SAME SHOT AS BEFORE

She fires off her gun.

510 FULL SHOT - SCREEN DOOR

PREACHER staggers out and runs yelping with pain into the barn. O.S. we hear the zing-zing of a country phone being cranked.

511 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL, OVER BACKS OF CHILDREN'S HEADS

They huddle on the stairs in reverent silence. RACHEL, her gun slung sportily under one arm, talks into wall phone which hangs just within the box stairway.

RACHEL
Miz Booher? Rachel Cooper. Git them State Troopers out to my place. I done treed somep'n up in my barn.

DISSOLVE TO:

512 FULL SHOT - RACHEL AND JOHN

RACHEL sits on the screened porch, awake, gun on knees. JOHN sits on floor, asleep, his head leaning against her. Barn in BACKGROUND. Sunrise.

513 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL AND JOHN

Same positions. JOHN wakes.

JOHN
I'll see to Pearl.

RACHEL
I'll make coffee.

They get up and start into kitchen.

514 GROUP SHOT - THE CHILDREN, OVER RACHEL AND JOHN

They lie huddled in calm sleep. JOHN and RACHEL watch a moment.

JOHN
She's all right.

They start for the stove.

515 TWO-SHOT - RACHEL AND JOHN, AROUND STOVE

RACHEL puts her gun beside the stove, ready to hand, and picks up a coffee-pot; JOHN puts kindling in stove.

RACHEL
John, you know? When you're little you have more endurance than God is ever to grant you again? Children are Man at his strongest. They abide.

JOHN looks at her a moment. O.S. we hear police car sirens. They look towards the sound.

516 FULL SHOT - THROUGH POLICE CAR WINDSHIELD

We SHOOT OVER two TROOPERS. Sirens loud, they rapidly approach RACHEL'S house as RACHEL, without gun, holding JOHN'S hand, comes down to fence. Presently, the other CHILDREN hurry out of house behind. The car brakes.

517 FULL SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN OVER TWO POLICE CARS - BARN IN BACKGROUND

The TROOPERS, fanning wide, advance towards barn. RACHEL and the CHILDREN are grouped a short distance behind them. The barn door gapes black. Short pause; then PREACHER appears.

A TROOPER
(shouting)
Is that him, Ma'am?

RACHEL
(shouting)
Yes! Mind where you shoot, boys! There's children here!

TROOPER
Whyn't you call us up before?

RACHEL
Didn't want yer big feet trackin' up my clean floors.

518 CLOSE SHOT - PREACHER

He stands, swaying; his left arm is bloody and helpless. In his right hand the open knife hangs apathetic. His eyes are glazed. He does not seem to care whether they come or not.

(CONTINUED)

518 (CONTINUED)

TROOPER'S VOICE O.S.
Harry Powell, you're under arrest for the murder of Willa Harper!

519 MEDIUM SHOT - PREACHER AND TROOPERS - JOHN'S V.P.

TROOPERS close in on PREACHER, from before and behind, exactly as for BEN'S arrest.

520 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

The same sickly look, as at BEN'S arrest.

521 MEDIUM SHOT - PREACHER AND TROOPERS - JOHN'S V.P.

One TROOPER smacks the back of PREACHER'S head with a pistol-barrel.

522 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN
(shouting)
Don't!

523 RESUME VIEWPOINT SHOT

Another TROOPER, with a pistol barrel, knocks the knife from PREACHER'S lifted hand.

524 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN
(shouting)
Don't!

525 RESUME VIEWPOINT SHOT

PREACHER sinks to his knees as both men, and two others from the front, close in on him. The tableau is the same as in BEN'S arrest.

526 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN
(shouting)
Dad!

527 FRONT GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

JOHN grabs the DOLL from PEARL and starts to run.

RACHEL
John! John!

She starts after him.

528 FULL SHOT - TROOPERS, JOHN, RACHEL, OVER PREACHER

PREACHER prostrate along bottom of screen. TROOPERS are beating him. JOHN runs up from BACKGROUND followed by RACHEL. JOHN rushes among the TROOPERS, flogging PREACHER over the head with the DOLL. The TROOPERS, astounded, lay off. RACHEL is stopped in her tracks.

JOHN
Here! Here! Take it back! I can't stand it, Dad! It's too much, Dad! I don't want it! I can't do it! Here! Here!

The DOLL has burst open and the money has spilled over PREACHER. Now two TROOPERS gently lift JOHN away. RACHEL lifts him in her arms; she turns towards house.

529 FULL FIGURE PULL SHOT - RACHEL AND JOHN - GROUP IN BACKGROUND

She carries JOHN towards the house. His head hangs back over her arm. We hear his dry, exhausted sobs.

530 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - ICEY

ICEY
(yelling)
Lynch him! Lynch him!

531 TWO-SHOT - WALT AND ICEY

ICEY
(yelling)
Bluebeard!

WALT
(yelling at all the men around him)
Twenty-five wives!

ICEY
And he killed every last one of 'em!

532 GROUP SHOT - WALT, ICEY, MEMBERS OF COURTROOM AUDIENCE

Perhaps ten faces. Most are frenetic. Our two LOAFERS are having fun. General hubbub O.S. A gavel O.S.

ICEY
(yelling)
If the People of Marshall County...

LOAFERS
(cynically, across her)
Bluebeard! Bluebeard!

533 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

He looks to sound of gavel. The hubbub and the gaveling stop.

LAWYER O.S.
Will you identify the prisoner?

JOHN looks over his shoulder in same direction as the gavel.

LAWYER O.S.
Please, little lad. Won't you look yonder...
(his pointing finger enters the shot. John shakes as if he had a cold)
...and tell the Court if that is the man who killed your mother?

JOHN looks at the finger. Short pause.

(CONTINUED)

533 (CONTINUED)

LAWYER O.S.
It's all right, Mrs. Cooper. You can take the little fellow away.

The LAWYER'S hands gently help him from chair.

534 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

...as LAWYER'S hands consign JOHN to RACHEL.

LAWYER
Merry Christmas to you and yours, Mrs. Cooper.

The CHILDREN bob and reply, ad lib. "Merry Christmas to you." RACHEL sniffs.

LAWYER O.S.
And what's Santy Claus going to bring you, little man?

Above JOHN'S head, by winding and holding to ear, RACHEL pantomimes a watch.

ICEY O.S.
Them is the ones he sinned against, my friends!

Gaveling starts.

LOAFER O.S.
Bluebeard! Bluebeard!

CROWD O.S.
Bluebeard! Bluebeard!

LAWYER O.S.
O-ho-oo-o!

As RACHEL and CHILDREN turn to go, gaveling and hubbub fade and we

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

535 INT. A CAFE - NIGHT

RACHEL and her CHILDREN sit in two booths, in a corner, next to a big front window. In this arrangement:

Mary	Clary
Ruby	
Rachel	
Pearl	John

But RUBY has gone. Christmas parcels on bench at RACHEL'S right.

536 FULL SHOT - RACHEL AND HER GROUP, THEN CAFE AND WINDOW

Sound O.S. of approaching crowd. As we PULL BACK we bring in a few other customers and the big window. There are Christmas decorations in the cafe and the street outside is hung with them. Thirty feverish people, some of whom carry torches, enter the scene; ICEY stares in the window and screams.

ICEY
(high-pitched)
Them's hers!

Everyone in the cafe stands up. RACHEL gathers her parcels. ICEY rushes to door and opens it.

ICEY
Them's her orphans!

She turns to crowd.

RACHEL
Where's Ruby?

CLARY
She went.

ICEY shouts into the cafe.

ICEY
Them poor little lambs!

ICEY turns to the street mob. RACHEL hurries her CHILDREN to door.

ICEY leaves door to yell at mob.

ICEY
Them's the ones he sinned against, my friends!

CASHIER
(across Icey)
Go out the back way, Miz Cooper.

As RACHEL leaves SHOT, the CASHIER shuts and locks the door.

537 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - PANNING SHOT - RACHEL AND COMPANY EMERGING FROM DOOR

MARY and CLARY come out first and start walking to our left. RACHEL comes out and hurries off to our right, followed by JOHN, holding PEARL'S hand. We PAN to MARY and CLARY.

(CONTINUED)

537 (CONTINUED)

CLARY
Ain't we goin' to the Bus Depot?

No answer. They turn and we PAN with them as they hurry after RACHEL, and we bring in RACHEL, charging away from us with her brood hustling to keep up.

538 GROUP SHOT - FEATURING WALT AND ICEY

ICEY carries a torch. She is flanked by rabid faces and by smiling LOAFERS, one of whom carries an axe. As she speaks, a MAN rushes up to WALT and gives him a rope.

ICEY
(shouting; high-pitched)
Draggin' the name of the Lord through the evil mud of his soul!

WALT
(bellowing)
Come on!

They all start marching, in step.

539 PANNING SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

Marching and voices O.S. and in BACKGROUND.

Carrying Christmas parcels, they hurry alongside a building and, at CENTER of PAN, cross the end of a street.

The MOB marches down the street TOWARDS CAMERA; Men run to join it.

ICEY
(high-pitched)
He lied!

WALT
Tricked us!

ICEY
He taken the Lord's name in vain and he trampled on His Holy Book!

WALT
String that Bluebeard up to a pole!

(CONTINUED)

539 (CONTINUED)

ICEY
He's Satan hiding behind the Cross!

OTHERS
(ad lib)
Lynch him! String him up!

We PAN RACHEL and CHILDREN past this street and they hurry towards RUBY, who stands alone in BACKGROUND, facing the jail.

540 and 541 (OMITTED)

542 HEAD CLOSE-UP - RUBY'S ECSTATIC FACE

In BACKGROUND, RACHEL and CHILDREN hurry towards her. MOB noise O.S. Hearing the approach of RACHEL'S GROUP, RUBY turns the back of her head towards us. Now there are no mob voices; only the ominous sound of fifty-odd people marching in step.

RUBY
I love him!

543 TRACKING SHOT - RUBY

Ominous silence.

RUBY
He loves me because I'm so purty! You think he's like them others!

544 SIDE TRACKING SHOT - RUBY, RACHEL AND GROUP

Marching sound O.S.

RACHEL firmly takes RUBY'S arm and drags her off in our direction. RACHEL shoos MARY and CLARY ahead of her. JOHN and PEARL flank RACHEL, clinging to her wide skirts. RUBY, nearest us, keeps looking back over her shoulder. We TRACK them along side of JAIL to real of JAIL.

(CONTINUED)

544 (CONTINUED)

RUBY (continuing)
You took on something awful about him buying me that there movie book. You was so mad you shot him and the blue men took him.

On "blue men," we stop TRACKING and, as GROUP leaves SHOT, CENTER a POLICE CAR, waiting at rear door of JAIL. POLICEMEN start out of door.

545 MEDIUM GROUP SHOT - POLICEMEN AND PREACHER

They roughly hustle PREACHER into the car. Marching sound O.S.

546 SHOT - FROM WITHIN CAR - BART

PREACHER and POLICE are in B.G. Through car window we see BART the HANGMAN come out of his door. He wears his derby. A POLICEMAN puts head out of window. Marching sound O.S.

547 MED. SHOT - BART THE HANGMAN

Same set-up as #55, including doll's perambulator, but with a Christmas wreath on door. Marching O.S.

POLICEMAN O.S.
Hey Bart!

Auto engine starts up O.S.

548 HEAD CLOSE-UP - BART

BART
Yeah?

549 MED. SHOT - BART

Marching O.S.

POLICEMAN O.S.
We're savin' this bird up fer you!

549A HEAD CLOSE-UP - BART

Marching O.S.

BART
This time it'll be a privilege.

549B FULL PANNING SHOT - POLICE CAR, THEN RACHEL AND GROUP

The car jumps fast out of SHOT and we PAN PAST BART and CENTER RACHEL and GROUP, walking fast away from us. Mob voices O.S.

A VOICE O.S.
(over departing car)
Bust the door down!

549C CLOSE GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

Clutching Christmas parcels they hurry away from us into darkness. RUBY, hanging back, dragged by RACHEL, babbles over her shoulder.

RUBY
(happily)
They'll git him out. I'll git my things ready - my shawl and my Mickey Mouse wrist-watch that don't run and the straw hat with the flower, and we'll be married and live happily ever after!

VOICES O.S. AD LIB
(cutting across Ruby)
Bust the door down!
Set fahr to it!
Where's that axe!
Climb up on the balcony!
You six git 'round to the back!

ICEY O.S.
(screaming)
People of Marshall County!

DISSOLVE TO:

550 FULL SHOT - NIGHT LANDSCAPE - PINE TREES, AND SOFTLY FALLING SNOW

DISSOLVE TO:

551 EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - EVENING; SNOWING - CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL AT MAILBOX

She peers into empty mailbox.

RACHEL
Nothing!

She slams the box shut and, as we TILT and PAN, walks away from us through snow towards her lighted house.

RACHEL
I'm glad they didn't send me nothing! Whenever they do it's never nothing I want but something to show me how fancy and smart they've come up in the world.

She goes into the house.

552 INT. RACHEL'S KITCHEN

It is decorated for Christmas.

553 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

Rachel enters; the four girls stand in line, packages ready; JOHN stands in b.g., in doorway to next room.

MARY
Can we give you your presents now?

554 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

RACHEL
Shoot! You don't mean to say you got me a present!

Their hands hold packages up to her.

RACHEL
Shoot now!

She takes a package.

555 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

RACHEL O.S.
Why, Ruby!

Embarrassed, JOHN leaves the shot.

RACHEL O.S.
A POT-HOLDER!

556 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN - NEW ANGLE

From a fruit bowl, he selects the biggest apple, shines it on his shirt, wraps it in the doily under his bowl, opens a drawer and gets out a clip clothes-pin, clips his package, and leaves shot.

RACHEL O.S.
(continuing)
And much neater than last year's, Ruby!

(Sound of tearing gift-paper O.S.)

RACHEL O.S.
And Clary! <u>ANOTHER POT-HOLDER</u>! Ain't that thoughtful. I'm always burnin' my hands.

557 FULL SHOT - RACHEL, AND CHILDREN, OVER JOHN

...as he enters with present. RUBY and CLARY are standing aside; MARY and PEARL hold up a third pot-holder.

RACHEL
And did you two make this <u>together</u>?

Both nod.

MARY
You hop us, <u>some</u>.

558 CLOSE SHOT - RACHEL

She opens it.

RACHEL
(quietly)
John, that's the richest gift a body could have.
(continued)

(CONTINUED)

558 (CONTINUED)

RACHEL (cont'd)
(briskly)
You'll find <u>your</u> presents in the cupboard under the china-closet.

559 GROUP SHOT - RACHEL AND CHILDREN

RACHEL
You know where, Ruby.

All turn and run through door except Ruby, whom RACHEL detains.

RACHEL
Ruby:
(she takes a box from her apron pocket)
This is yours.

RUBY opens it quickly; it is a cheap costume-jewelry flower-spray. RUBY and RACHEL kiss like grown women and RUBY goes to join the others.

560 FULL SHOT - RACHEL

She turns to her stove and is framed by Christmas garland in b.g.; banging pots about and stirring; praying as she works, which is the best way to pray.

Appropriate noise, o.s., of opening presents.

RACHEL
Lord save little children!
(bang)
You'd think the world would be ashamed to name such a day as Christmas for one of them...
(bang)
...and go on the same old way.
(she starts stirring)
My soul is humble
When I see the way little ones accept their lot.
(she pauses in stirring)
Lord save little children!
The wind blows and the rain is cold.
Yet,
They <u>abide</u>.

(CONTINUED)

560 (CONTINUED)

In BACKGROUND, the girls run upstairs, their new dresses over their arms. RACHEL glances over her shoulder.

561 MEDIUM SHOT - JOHN - RACHEL'S VIEWPOINT

JOHN stands in next room, looking at something in his hand.

562 CLOSE SHOT -- JOHN - IN OTHER ROOM

We see he holds a watch. He looks like any boy, rich or poor, with his first watch.

563 HEAD CLOSE-UP - RACHEL

RACHEL
(whispering, so that he does not hear)
For every child, rich or poor
There's a time of running through a dark place;
And there's no word for a child's fear.
A child sees a shadow on the wall, and sees a Tiger.
And the old ones say, "There's no tiger; go to sleep."
And when that child sleeps, it's a Tiger's sleep, and a Tiger's night, and a Tiger's breathing on the windowpane.
Lord save little children!

JOHN enters boldly behind her and, with a scrape, masterfully swings a chair around close to her and straddles it. RACHEL turns her back to us. She expects him to speak, he doesn't, so she fills in:

RACHEL
That watch sure is a fine, loud ticker!

JOHN gives her a burning, proud smile.

RACHEL
It'll be nice to have someone around the house who can give me the right time of day.

JOHN finds his tongue.

(CONTINUED)

563 (CONTINUED)

JOHN
This watch is the nicest watch I ever had.

RACHEL
A feller can't just go around with run-dpwn, busted watches.

She turns back, face to us, and goes on with her stirring. JOHN goes off towards the staircase to join the girls; then turns back.

564 CLOSE SHOT - JOHN

JOHN
I ain't afraid no more! I got a watch that ticks! I got a watch that shines in the dark!

He turns and hurries to the stairs.

565 HEAD CLOSE-UP - RACHEL

Over the sound of his running upstairs:

RACHEL
(telling us)
They abide and they endure.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

566 FULL SHOT - STARRY SKY

Fade in TITLE:

THE END